Old Miami

THE YALE OF THE EARLY WEST

BY ALFRED H. UPHAM

AP 15 '59

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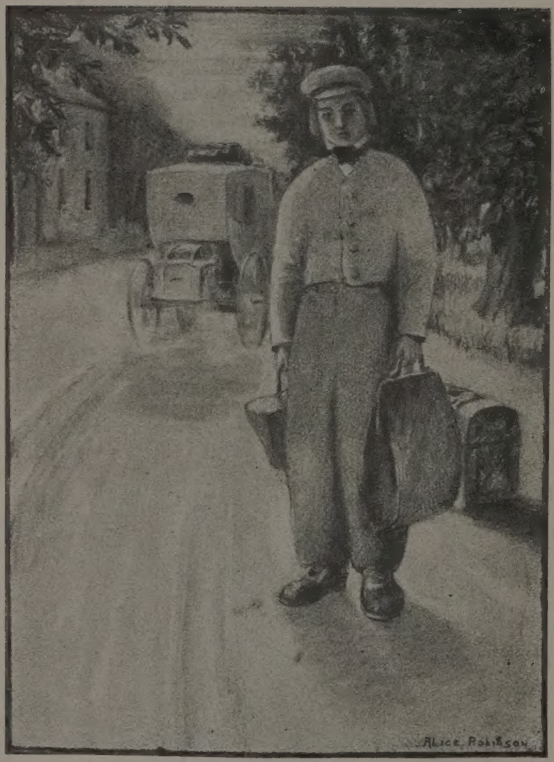

"Travelers on the lumbering Oxford stage had ample time to meditate upon their sins." Page 26.

OLD MIAMI

The Yale of the Early West

BY

Alfred H. Upham

Illustrated by
Alice Rebekah Robinson

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TO

PRESIDENT GUY POTTER BENTON

UNDER WHOSE ABLE ADMINISTRATION
THE OLD MIAMI AT LAST YIELDS
PLACE CONTENTEDLY TO THE NEW.

PREFACE

One hundred years are perhaps only a good, long summer day, in the eyes of the ancient universities of England, or even of those native products along our eastern coast. For a college west of the Alleghenies to have lived so long, however, means that it rose amid the forests, and bore a part in every movement for the development of the great midland region of America. Such is the experience of the old Miami University, at this time celebrating her centennial birthday.

The completion of her centenary has recalled to many minds the deplorable lack of a permanant and connected story of her life experiences, coupled with the fact that archives are vague and the tellers of old tales are fast passing away. Already to many of the younger generation "Historic Miami" is only an empty and hackneyed phrase. The justification of these few chapters lies in the attempt to meet this condition. The result is far from complete or even adequate; but will at least afford a convenient handbook of the favorite traditions and reminiscences.

It is impossible to acknowledge in detail all the author's obligations. Some are to manuscript records, particularly those of faculty and trustees. Others are to publications, old and new, chiefly those of the University itself and of the various Greek fraternities. Most delightful in retrospect are the personal conversations with certain reminiscent individuals, among them Doctor MacFarland, Doctor Galbraith, and Doctor Hepburn. To one and all who have aided in this undertaking the writer desires to register a debt of profound gratitude, with the hope that they may find some recompense in having borne a part in preserving to posterity the rich old legends of the Yale of the Early West.

A. H. U.

Oxford, Ohio, June, 1909.

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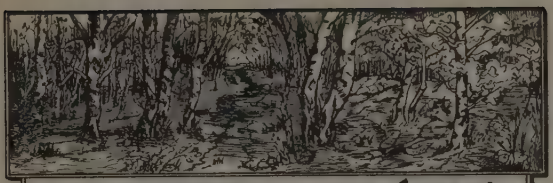

DURING the summer and fall of 1824, such newspapers as were then printed in the Ohio Valley carried a formal announcement of the opening of the Miami University. The notice was commonplace enough. Flanked on one side by the description of somebody's runaway mulatto slave; on the other by Ichabod Sweeney's glad acclaim, unchanging as the sun, that his large stock of *holiday* goods was now open for inspection, these modest lines of wavering type in single column offered little to attract the eye. "Miami University," they read, "will be opened on the 1st day of November next, 1824. Session 1st November to 1st May. Tuition $10.00. Same session Grammar

School $5.00. Study hour, 5 to 7 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. Recitation 7-8 and 9-12 a. m. Prayers, 9 a. m. and 8 p. m. Boarding $1.00 to $1.25 per week." Then followed the estimate of expenses per year:

"Board	$50.00
Tuition	20.00
Washing	8.00
Candles and wood	5.00
Room and servant's hire	5.00
Extra	5.00
	$93.00"

In those pioneer villages and on the farms newspapers came too rarely and cost too much to be trifled with; and the thrifty householder pulled his chair close to the kitchen table, snuffed the tallow-dip, and spelled out every word of every column—advertisements and all. To many such readers this college notice appeared as an oasis in an arid, though all too familiar plain. Father clasped toil-

roughened fingers about his knee and stared straight before him through a vista of splendid possibilities for the boys—his boys—who should profit by the opportunities of a real University here within easy reach. The boys themselves eagerly scanned each irregular issue of the paper for a fresh look at the familiar bit of advertising, and lingered over every word of its inky lines. In the fields or by the autumn hearth they all united in computing resources and devising economies, to balance these against that forbidding total of $93.00. Opportunity knocked early, you say, at the batten doors of these pioneer cabins. Indeed she did; but to those who followed the Miami University from its institution, progress had seemed slow enough.

More than a generation earlier, one John Cleves Symmes had made one of those bold and indefinable purchases of

government land so popular in the old days. It started from the Ohio River and ran north between the Little and the Great Miami—probably to that mystic polar circle which John's illustrious nephew, John Cleves the second, imagined as the portal to his densely populated world within the world. John Cleves the elder was rather partial to the *surface* of the earth; but obligated himself, at government request, to reserve one township in his purchase for the maintenance of an "academy." "Academy" and "university" were both beautifully vague words in those days, you know. Then the lands went on the market. Dense forest undergrowth meant long months of labor in the clearing; but it also meant fertile bottomland thereafter; and there was little trouble in disposing of large tracts of such prospect.

Somehow in the rush of business Symmes forgot about the township he had set apart for an offering to Athena. When she called him to account, there was no disputing the fact that large and irregular portions of her sacred confines had been already legally conveyed to John Doe and Richard Roe and their heirs and assigns forever, and that said John and Richard, with such of said heirs as could manage axes, were busily desecrating the virgin forests of the goddess. Symmes apologized to Governor St. Clair and offered to substitute another township, for which there had been no apparent demand. The governor refused this, and finally Congress, who had more land than anything else at her disposal, granted a petition to locate the college township west of the Great Miami and entirely outside the Symmes Purchase. The College, however, was to be within the old boundaries.

In February, 1809, by act of the General Assembly of Ohio, the Miami University was formally created, christened, and endowed with a mass of fine phrases and a pathless patch of woodland somewhere up along the Indiana line. A group of trustees was appointed, whose obvious business it was to put this woodland on the market and get it to paying revenue. At the same time three commissioners were entrusted with the responsibility of finding the most desirable spot between the two Miamis for such a promising institution to occupy.

Both bodies found pretty dense underbrush ahead. The college lands were at first offered at such terms of rental that only the least desirable of settlers approached them. Only two of the locating commission ever got together at all. Nobody seemed to know what happened to the third one, but there is a dastardly

rumor afloat that, despite his cloth, he fortified so strongly with ardent spirits for each session that he never managed to report for roll call. The two survivors were handsomely treated. Public-spirited citizens from various communities solicited the favor of their presence, and filled them to the brim with the commercial advantages of Cincinnati and Dayton, the scenic attractiveness of Lebanon, and the salubrious waters of the Yellow Springs. They balked on the last and gave a verdict for Lebanon. Then at the next legislative session, some one—not from Lebanon—contrived a plan to solve all difficulties together. This was to make the college lands attractive by placing the college itself in their midst. Remembering the delinquent but fortified commissioner, the assembly declared the first location illegally selected and established the University within the township at the

village of Oxford, which it graciously created for the purpose. Spirituous fortification has been unpopular in Lebanon ever since.

There was much toil to intervene between this simple settlement of the case and the newspaper announcements of the opening of an actual university. Gradually, however, the stubborn tract of densely wooded territory was portioned out and brought under subjection. Gradually the new village began to awake and stretch itself along the hill-top. In 1812 there was a real brick house, the wonder of the community, erected by Joel Collins, the statesman-surveyor who had run the lines of every farm in the township. Perhaps in pride, perhaps with the idea of permanent record, Captain Collins imbedded in his foundation two iron spikes, distant from each other exactly the length of his surveyor's chain. This has pre-

vented endless wrangling since, for the good Captain's measuring unit suffered from a few missing links. Building continued at a fairly rapid rate until it culminated in a spacious market-house on the public square, and the cup of municipal joy was full.

The trustees were anxious to have the University in operation promptly. To hurry matters on they arranged to send into the east a college "missionary," a Rev. John W. Brown, who should solicit contributions to an endowment fund, and gather up donated books or equipment, or anything in fact that might prove useful to a respectable young university. After two years of polite rebuffal the agent went the way of all good missionaries; and while John Brown's body lay a-mouldering the trustees pitilessly cast up accounts and found that, deducting expenses, there was nothing left but a heap

of discarded volumes for which just then they had neither room nor use.

Such funds as accrued from the lands went to the erection of buildings. They began with what the records call a "school-house," when they had only $150.00 to put into it. Then came a structure that cost over $6,000.00, together with a professor's house; and a grammar school was immediately opened. Finally, in 1820, the contract was let for the central portion of the old Main Building, connecting with the part already in use, and designed even then "to be the center and principal building of the University." This is the structure referred to in documents of the time as "a superb College edifice;" "a large and elegant college building;" "not inferior to any in the state." For miles around, the good Scotch-Irish pioneer, riding in to do his marketing, might catch glimpses of this

pile of brick and mortar crowning the highest point in all the countryside, and might rub his aching joints and feel the certainty of compensation for his unending labors.

There was one unpleasant spectre, though, always interfering with those dreams of certain compensation. Other communities, with considerably more influence on the legislature, were habitually finding plausible and suspiciously unselfish reasons for removing the University from poor lttle Oxford. Plots and counterplots were devised at one point or another, to be sprung upon a legislature that had no particular interest in the squabble, anyhow. The citizens of Oxford spent most of their spare time in mass meetings, working stray bits of eloquence out of their systems, and kindling fiery denunciations of their designing adversaries. One pamphleteer soared even

to the heights of prophecy, and gave utterance to a bit of Delphic lore well worth preserving. This is the vintage of 1814:

"The present arrangement which has been made for the disposition of the lands belonging to the Miami University is such that when the lands are all disposed of it must afford a greater income to the University than any other seminary of learning in the United States is endowed with, and I trust the time is fast approaching, and now not far distant, when we shall behold a splendid college, whose stately spires tip the clouds and whose surrounding country bespeaks the industry and happiness of its inhabitants, where only a few years since the howling of the beasts of prey and the war whoop of the Indian were the only sounds which broke upon the ear of the wandering traveller. On that same spot shall we meet with the youth assembled from the various quar-

ters of the world, to learn the arts and become acquainted with rhetoric and belles-lettres. Astonishing change! But it is a change which every circumstance warrants us in expecting!" Do you catch the fine, old independence-day flavor?

When November, 1824, arrived, the infant university appeared to absorb the breath of life with rather slow, uncertain gasps. The new building was ready, and those hospitable rooms at $5.00 a year—including servant hire—were swept and garnished till they shone. Verily the laborer was worthy of his hire. The faculty was assembled as one man—or rather as two men, since it consisted only of the newly-chosen Scotch Presbyterian president, Robert H. Bishop, and a tutor who answered to the name of Sparrow. The students were not so prompt, but it was probably not altogether their fault. Horseback riding along blazed trails and

through sloughs of despond called bridle paths may have been exhilarating exercise, but it was not speedy. Even when this was pieced out with a bit of rapid transit via Canal Boat to Hamilton, to take the lumbering Oxford stage from there, travelers had ample time, and frequent occasion, to meditate upon their sins. By December twenty students had arrived. All through the winter they kept coming, as the frozen trails became passable or they saw their way to that $93.00, until the first college year had an enrollment of nearly a hundred, and the Miami University became a reality.

There are many men today who protest that the ideal college is of the variety typified by Mark Hopkins at one end of the log. By such standards no wonder that the old Miami ranked so high. Logs there were a-plenty; and to hold down the ends of them there came from year to

year a group of intellectual heavyweights, the benediction of whose influence is still present in countless households and communities.

At the head of the list stands the stalwart, though somewhat rawboned and ungainly figure of President Bishop. A Scot of the Scots, he was a graduate of Edinburgh and a warm adherent to staunch old-school Presbyterianism. Twenty years before, he had felt a call to the Master's service in America; and drifting to Kentucky, had become connected with the early history of old Transylvania University there. He had made many friends, and these were instrumental in bringing him across the river to pioneer duty at Miami. Over his high cheekbones twinkled a pair of friendly eyes, which spoke to every boy who penetrated the outer circle of administrative chill, and told of sympathy and understanding

and a Carlylesque longing to clasp the whole world to his bosom and soothe its grief.

Like Carlyle, too, the good doctor, when aroused, was a "mighty fighter," and there were some turbulent times in those seventeen glorious years of pioneer experience. Those country lads had sturdy spirits and fierce passions, as we shall see, and the echoes of Revolutionary days were still dinning in their ears the martial strains of liberty. As they came to know the great throbbing heart of this first president, their own hearts went out to him in filial devotion. But they sorely tried his soul, and the occasional outburst of his awful anger came usually too late to serve the cause of discipline. The very lads whose unchecked pranks spelled disaster to his administration were readiest to defend and uphold him in time of need. No one can compute the measure of his

influence in those long years of service; the constructive policies he instituted, the economies he practiced, the standards he established, the characters he made. Yet his was a Pisgah-sight of the land of promise, and the mantle of authority was stripped from shoulders not yet stooped with age.

Associated with him was a man whose name has long been lisped familiarly in every home and schoolroom in the country:—Professor William H. McGuffey, author of those dear old dog-eared Eclectic Readers that opened to us the gates of literature. He came to Miami a mere lad, lifted from the middle of his senior year at Washington College, Pennsylvania. In his decade at Miami he became a devoted and effective preacher of God's word, laid the foundations of his mature scholarship in philosophy and metaphysics, and drew from his path-breaking experiments in

child-psychology the system and material for his school-books. He was more severe in discipline than Doctor Bishop and appeared much less approachable. Still he had many warm friends among students and villagers, and these seem to have known the real man.

Two passions at this time consumed his young life—the preaching of the Gospel and the education of the child-mind; neither of them, by the way, peculiar to cold, unapproachable men. Such was his zeal for the spoken word that he encouraged students to meet with him every morning before breakfast that he might drill them in public oratory. Stranger still, tradition says that they always came. His own delivery was quiet and almost conversational, but powerful in its effect. Large crowds attended when he preached in chapel, and between times he ministered in the log churches of neighboring

villages. All the country around knew at sight his stove-pipe hat and solemn suit of shiny black bombazine, for which broadcloth was substituted on very formal occasions. At one time the Darrtown congregation, for which he was supplying, impressed by the glossy sheen of his garments, remonstrated with him for his Godless extravagance, only to be convinced that the lustrous raiment cost less than their own Sunday-best and outwore it, two to one.

Naturally enough, other places than Oxford have claimed the honor of producing the McGuffey readers. But every student in those old days knew of the experiments going on in town: how the young professor had taken into his house a class of village children, and directed personally every step of their training up from a, b, c; how he was keeping notes of all their blunders and tangles, and retail-

oring lessons to fit their growing minds; how some day he would give the world the fruits of his experience. Some students were even permitted to help him in the work, to revise the notes or copy manuscript. True the readers were published after he went to Cincinnati, but books are not made when men set the types or feed the presses.

Another famous teacher of pioneer days was John W. Scott, kind, genial and considerate, long connected with Oxford institutions, and destined to end his useful career in the executive mansion. He and Doctor Bishop held many views in common, particularly in matters of discipline; and when his chief left the institution he had established, Doctor Scott accompanied him to College Hill and joined him in Carey's premature project of a Farmer's College. Subsequently the Scotts returned to Oxford, with Ben

Harrison in their train, and gathered about them a circle of demure but bewitching maidens whose avowed purpose was to acquire sufficient of the arts and sciences and social graces to fit them for woman's noble sphere. Their immediate purpose, as it often seemed to the worthy doctor, was to ensnare the hearts of various callow swains who ranged about the University. But that is another chapter.

It is hard to picture those college men of almost a century ago. We read of them as statesmen, soldiers, professional men. Surely they were more interesting as boys in the paths and corridors of Miami. We know they rose for a study period at 5 a. m. and went to prayers twice a day. We know that the passing of the hours was marked by the notes of a bugle, and that Doctor Bishop to the end of his days thought a bell sinful extravagance. We know that such as could

afford the luxury boarded royally at a dollar a week; the others kept bachelor's hall for half the sum. No wonder, at the market prices then prevailing. Beef and pork cost from a cent and a half to two cents a pound, corn-meal and potatoes were often as low as one bit a bushel, and other things were in proportion. That boy was a poor stick who couldn't manage corn-cakes or even buckwheats on a griddle, and bake potatoes in the ashes of an open fire.

There were plenty of signs of manhood and consecrated purpose among the boys. Before the college was a month old, they drew up a complete system of self-government to regulate life in the college building, and elected a regent from among their own number. Almost at once came rival literary societies, with charters from the state, halls dedicated to them by the faculty *in perpetuum,* a

printing press, and a newspaper for which their independence permitted the faculty to assume the arrears. Many of the students were preparing for the ministry, and were not long in forming a missionary organization, the Society of Religious Inquiry. This, like the literary societies, accumulated a library and had itself publicly addressed by imported talent at least once a year. In 1840, at the tender age of seven, it failed honorably in attempting to establish a mission school among the Miami Indians. A deep spirit of religion pervaded the College, and young fellows welcomed weighty problems and thought deep thoughts.

You have guessed it. This is not the only side to the picture. Young saints in college are prone to wear their halos a bit askew sometimes. The steam of youth must escape in occasional bubbles. The path of prescribed virtue was exceeding

narrow, and even the elect might skid upon a curve. Faculty records bear painful evidence to the truth of this philosophy; and many an errant lad, there pilloried to the end of time, repented, lived to ripe and honored usefulness, and went to his reward despite this blot upon his 'scutcheon. The records for June and July, 1825, display a gruesome list of those "found in bed after the rising hour." No such list appears again, perhaps because there were no more delinquents. This one becomes significant when you remember that the rising hour was somewhere before five; and more so when you study the names presented. There is such a sameness about them; and the chief offender, whose name appears for nearly every date, meets an end that sounds like a Sunday-school tale. He comes before the faculty again and again on graver charges—indolence, intoxica-

tion, cards, throwing water on ladies entering chapel—and is finally dismissed by the faculty. "Haec fabula docet" that little boys should always rise when the bell rings.

Besides the secrets of the record-book, old-fashioned college discipline did not scruple at public statement of a youngster's weaknesses. Such statements crept into catalogues, state reports, and especially into the latter end of those semi-annual honor-rolls headed by the word DIGNISSIMI in big black type. Once at least the faculty was severely criticised by an examining committee of the legislature for such unseemly exposures, but Calvinistic conscience had its way. College punishments were always announced in chapel and supposed to gain in chastening power thereby. Even the beginner, not yet imbued with the spirit of the institution and needing only a private ses-

sion on the green carpet, was condemned to be "publickly, solemnly and affectionately admonished."

At times matters took a more serious turn. More daring students took advantage of Doctor Bishop's good heart, and brawls and disturbances became frequent. The "farming-out" system was tried, and various scholarly manses in obscure and harmless parishes became depositories for refractory youths, who cultivated scholarship in a becoming garb of sackcloth and ashes. The worst influence to combat in Oxford was that of the so-called "groceries;"—in reality low grog-shops, where students' fists came often into play, and dirks and even pistols were familiar arguments. Bad spirits in the groceries, rash spirits in the student body; no wonder there were so many fisticuffs and special sessions of the faculty.

Materially the college was prospering throughout these years. Its influence was widening, its scholarship was deepening. In 1836 Professor Scott, then teaching astronomy, set up on the campus a dressed stone accurately placed to serve as the foundation for a telescope—the second or third of its kind in America. Literary societies were flourishing, Greek fraternities were beginning to appear; but hostility had arisen against President Bishop, murmurs were heard from various sources about his lack of discipline, and he resigned his executive authority for a professor's chair.

In his stead came George Junkin, of the Church Militant, famous for his strict administration of Lafayette College, and fresh from the lists of Presbyterianism, where his lance had never wavered in the cause of Old-School doctrines. The keen black eye that had looked innovating up-

starts straight in the face was now to pierce holes in recreant Oxford sophomores: the thin, shrill voice which had often kept going for hours at a stretch in theological debate was to pronounce those public admonitions to trembling culprits. Hostility got there first, however, and met him at the threshold. Doctor Bishop was still on the ground, and though he took no part in faculty counsels was to his friends a constant reminder of past differences. Doctor Junkin's position in the lime-light of Presbyterian controversy turned the eyes of other denominations upon the intimate connection of his church with University affairs. The religious press throughout the country ranged its guns on little old Miami, and before the fusilade was over the public was believing that the students parsed from the Geneva Confession and turned the Shorter Catechism into Latin hexameters.

The new president was faithful to his trust in exercising stricter discipline. There is every reason to believe that the time was ripe for it. Some laws of the University, published in 1842, bear eloquent testimony to a condition of affairs not altogether peaches and cream.

"No student shall wear about his person pistol, dirk, stiletto, or other dangerous weapon.

"Playing at cards, dice, or any game of chance is strictly prohibited; also the possession of cards, backgammon boards, or any implements used in games of chance.

"Any student who shall send or accept a challenge, or be second in a duel, or in anywise aid and abet it, shall be immediately expelled from college.

"No student shall, during term time, attend any ball, dancing-school, theatrical exhibition, horse race or any place of similar resort."

Perhaps the considerable tinge of blue about some of these statutes may have increased the difficulty of enforcing all of them. At any rate there is one law in the same code that should have gone far to leaven the whole lump. It is hard to see why all colleges since that day have not adopted this perfect system of preserving students' characters:

"Every applicant for admission shall furnish written evidence to the Faculty that he sustains a good moral character, which shall be kept on file by the President."

Two other acts of Doctor Junkin appear to have rounded out the plot of his alleged comedy of errors. For twenty-five years there had been a portion of the University grounds, between the buildings and the village residences, unused for college purposes and thrown open as a common where the horses, cows and geese

of the citizens might roam at will and forage. The doctor enclosed this public pasture-lot against all trespassers, and immediately there was wailing and teeth-gnashing. The town-and-gown question before had never reached beyond the level of street brawls and tavern mix-ups. Now it rankled in the heart of respected tax-paying burgesses whose precious rights, privileges and live-stock were assailed. The executive offense was unforgivable.

At this time the extreme abolitionists were lifting up their voices throughout the land. A party of them in the Presbyterian church demanded the immediate exclusion of all slave-holding members. Junkin demurred. He was a staunch union man, and personally opposed to slavery, but believed that emancipation should come by slow and gradual process, based on a scheme of deportation. In a

session of Presbytery he expressed himself succinctly in a few well-chosen words requiring some ten hours in their delivery, and at once a new enemy camped at his gates. A man who took ten blessed hours to prove that slave-holding Southerners would find their names recorded in the Book of Life was no fit custodian of their children's characters, said the abolitionists. The allied opposition was too much for Doctor Junkin and he withdrew.

The later years of George Junkin read like a novel, as the school-girls say, and fully establish his sincerity and moral courage in national questions. About 1850 he became president of Washington College in Virginia. In the same town was a military school, with several gallant instructors fresh from West Point. One of these, Stonewall Jackson by name, wooed and won a daughter of the Junkin

household, but the fair young bride was soon stricken in death. Virginia was debatable ground as murmurs of secession traveled through the southland and the war-cloud gathered. Student hearts in the Virginia college beat loudly for the south. There was love for the president as a man, but for his northern blood and northern kindred he was suspected and maligned. All his teachings were of peace and reconciliation, and fell more and more on hostile ears. Sumter was attacked; and as if by magic a palmetto flag floated over the college building. With his own hand Doctor Junkin lowered it and applied a match. Another of the same kind took its place. The president appealed to his faculty for support, and to a man they were silent. At once he wrote a resignation and with his family took coach for the state line, leaving his soldier son-in-law to consecrate his bravery to the region of his birth.

At Miami Doctor Junkin was succeeded by an ardent abolitionist and a leader also among Old-School Presbyterians, Erasmus D. MacMaster. As he had been a striking figure in church counsels, so was he about the campus. He was of unusual height, despite a marked stoop to the shoulders. A great mop of snow-white hair surmounted a splendid brow and a face always smooth as a woman's. He was a profound scholar, unapproached in his denomination, and unequalled perhaps in all the impressive faculty-roll of Miami. As they used to say, he was a very painful preacher, and his ponderous antitheses and periods searched the heart of weighty questions as they rolled deliberately from his tongue. He had remarkable success later teaching in a theological seminary; but he could never understand or reach the heart of a tow-headed undergraduate. That particular

phase of original sin was too much for him.

Not the least of Doctor MacMaster's troubles was his tendency to take prompt and decided stands on mooted questions, and then express himself freely. The Mexican war came rather early in his administration. He didn't believe in it, and said so plainly in a chapel sermon. The local recruiting officer was in the congregation, exuding patriotism at every pore. Naturally the sermon gave him a chill, and he retaliated with martial methods. With a band of fellow-patriots he pulled a cannon down by the Doctor's home that night, and fired it there, shattering all the glass in the windows and rudely disturbing the Doctor's musings on predestination. Indignant friends of the president afterwards secured the cannon, dragged it down in the campus, burned the running-gear and threw the barrel into a cess-pool.

Unfortunately, there were days to follow when you could hardly have mustered enough friends of the president, indignant or otherwise, to drag a medium-sized popgun. Through no particular error of his he lost control of the student body. Riotous conduct continued, and was seldom handled with tact. Boyish pranks abounded. One year, for instance, a grammar-school pupil was solemnly convicted as "accessory to theft, in stealing the chapel key" and giving "no evidence of sorrow or shame for the same." Somewhat later another was dismissed for sending a written challenge to single combat. The spirit of rebellion was in the air, and erring students found plenty of sympathizers to urge them to open defiance.

A series of epidemics visited the college in President MacMaster's time. Small-pox came in the winter of 1846,

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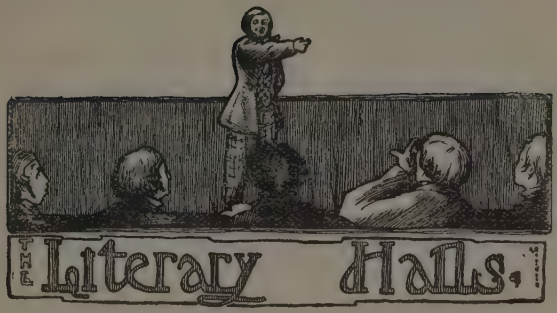
that tall form glided into the sickrooms and took its turn of vigil beside tumbled beds, or how keenly the great heart that couldn't understand yearned over the youthful sufferers there.

A long line of difficulty with the Literary Societies culminated in this administration: the halls, true to their inherent independence, insisting on the right to select their own imported orators, without faculty interference; the faculty, and the president in particular, always ruling otherwise. As last came open rebellion, on the occasion of the great snow prank in January, 1848, with its long investigation and series of dismissals. It was all at first the exuberant tomfoolery of youth. But in the end work was ruined, the student body scattered, the institution crippled. The splendid spirit of Doctor MacMaster was broken for the time and he retired from the University. With the

brilliant, popular and prosperous administration of President Anderson, Miami entered upon her second quarter-century of active life, secure, efficient, optimistic. Pioneering days were done forever.



NOWADAYS we parade in our curricula various stilted but imposing courses in public speaking and debate. Under pressure of a sweat-box ordeal in the class-room, students painfully construct briefs and plan forensics, grumbling at every step and sub-consciously meditating on the recent junior prom. We argue the power of the spoken word and prate much of human personality; while the student body, going out to sway the world, is calmly balancing the probable incomes of a mining engineer and a well-to-do curb broker. In the

good old times at Miami, public oratory was just a matter of course;—not an underlined requirement in the catalogue. Boys declaimed and orated and struggled in debate because they wanted to and couldn't help it. They put their hearts into it as well as a stingy bit of gray matter, and gave to it much of the energy that now goes into intercollegiate sports. Probably there was more demand for public oratory then—of a sort; but the fact of real significance is that oratory was then the fashion, taking the place of turned-up trousers and brindle bull dogs.

In the second year of the University two literary societies were established—hated rivals, of course. There is no evidence that they were suggested or promoted by the faculty, and goodness knows they asked no coddling while they grew. They took out charters from the state at once, if you please, and thereby

hangs a tale or two. Having state charters, they were afterwards in a strategic position to request the faculty to go hang; which, as we shall see, they occasionally did with much politeness. One of them assumed a Greek name, then a rather essential mark of caste, and both of them began with a really terrifying obligation of secrecy. Just what they were keeping secret doesn't matter. It seldom does: the point is to have a secret. The Erodelphian Hall dates from November 9, and the Union Hall from December 14, 1825.

The minutes of both societies indicate that they got down to business promptly and attend to it seriously. They adopted modest official badges of ribbon measuring some two and a half inches in diameter. They secured permanent quarters from the University and fitted these up from time to time with their own funds.

To this day if one of their rooms is utilized for recitation purposes, the institution must pay rent for it to the society. They began at once the accumulation of their own libraries, which were to expand chiefly by voluntary donations. The questions they began debating present an interesting array to modern eyes, though many of them suggest that we have met them some place before. The Erodelphians, for instance, first discussed the problem: "Is the reading of novels and romances productive of moral and intellectual improvement?" The second week produced the question, dear perhaps to Father Adam: "Which is productive of greater happiness, pursuit or possession?"

Sometimes men tell us today that journalism has stolen the thunder from the literary forum. In the 20's these two seem to have lain down together, the lion

and the lamb of Holy Writ. Those progressive youngsters in Miami Halls, with organizations less than two years old, began the publication of a monthly periodical, "The Literary Focus." They soon had trouble with delayed printing, of course. Those were very primitive days. Then they boldly took the matter in their own hands, scaled the Alps, crossed the Rubicon, or whatever other figure seems appropriate, and went into the printing business for themselves. Yes, sir, those striplings from the woods, some of whom had never even seen such a contrivance, found the money somewhere to purchase a good old-fashioned man-power printing-press and outfit, got it somehow through the mud and over the corduroy bridges from Cincinnati, and set to work learning the trade. All for the sake of publishing, with no earthly chance of profit, a literary monthly!

Publish it they did, and it was a creditable product. Complete files are accessible today, and the ink is evenly distributed, the impression clear, the lines true,—all testifying to the artistic pride of the craftsmen in that barn-like room in the old main building. The literary side had character, too. As a rule the articles are rather imposing in subject and treatment, with that vealy tendency to abstract moralizing and broad generalization that we characterize sometimes as sophomoric. The style suggests too often the stilted effort of a performer who is conscious of an audience and is taking himself very, very seriously. But why not? Their thoughts and their discussions turned to serious things, yet they made public their opinions with a modest restraint.

Even the poetry partakes of this painful self-consciousness. Only on rare oc-

"The richest treasure under heaven
Is a kind, tender female friend."

casions has some contributor closed his eyes upon the staring crowds of earth and sailed right up into the empyrean—hark, hark, the lark!—as does the love-lorn "Alphonso" in his sparkling effusion to

"A FEMALE FRIEND."

"The dearest boon by nature given,
The sweetest joy that earth can send,
The richest treasure under heaven,
Is a kind, tender female friend.

"Science is but a glimmering ray,
That only casts a fitful gleam;
And wealth's the creature of a day;
Honor and glory's all a dream.

"Man is unkind and full of strife;
His fortune such as fate may send—
His sweetest solace of life,
A true and faithful female friend.

"Gentlest refiner of the mind,
Infusing virtue's mildest balm,
To heal our grief of every kind
Leaving the soul serene and calm.

"Sweet assuager of my woe,
Dividing cares thou canst not mend;
Be this my lot where'er I go—
That I may find a female friend."

Dearest Alphonso, here's hoping that thou didst! At any rate the success of the

Focus was so flattering that the Halls, co-operating with the faculty, issued propositions before the first year was over, to focus the Focus upon The Literary Register, which should be a weekly journal of news as well as literary features. Then the flattering fell off. Oxford and surrounding country were not yearning for a weekly newspaper of high standard so ardently as the students had imagined. At least subscriptions did not indicate any particular loss of sleep, except for the publishers. The faculty, however, impressed with the advantage of such a periodical for the community, volunteered to finance the proposition for a year. There is no apparent evidence that the societies, chartered by the state, quartered in their own halls, and regulated by their own laws, suggested that the faculty go hang on this rather delicate occasion.

The Register is really fascinating. It is like coming upon some bit of yellow lace or a tarnished shoe-buckle up in grandmother's garret on a rainy afternoon. The Miami Canal is spoken of as likely soon to revolutionize rapid-transit across the country. Some man has invented a machine, about half the size of a grand piano, that prints letters by striking on its keys! Even the advertisements attract attention. Witness this quaint specimen:

ONE CENT REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber living in Oxford, Butler county, on the 19th inst., Alpha Leach, an Apprentice to the Carpenter and Joining business. He is 22 years of age, thick built, not very polite and of a bad disposition. This is to forewarn all persons from harboring, or employing him under the penalty of the law. The above reward will be given for his delivery to me, but no charges paid.

Oxford, June 20, 1829. CHARLES BARROWS.

From literature the societies turned their minds to art. At the present time, the principal adornment of each hall, aside from the delirious color-scheme

some local decorator has inflicted on the walls, is a tutelary divinity perched in a niche above the rostrum. In Miami Union this is a very mangy and weather-beaten owl, whose glass eyes wear a look of everlasting anguish and whose head droops limply with the suggestion of lurid midnight orgies and a cold gray dawn. Across the corridor the Erodelphians point proudly to a plaster bust, the face with its strongly moulded features petrified into an expression of righteous horror at the collarless indelicacy of the classic drapings. Nobody has arisen from the mists of antiquity to relate the tragic history of the bird of Athena. Perhaps he flew blundering in at an open window some day in the long ago and died there. Poor thing, he looks it. But the bust, for all its fly-specks, and modestly scratched initials, and the green paint the decorators dropped, is a thing

of beauty and a joy forever, and opens up a delightful chapter of the remote past.

Back in 1829, the members of the Union Hall, having accumulated some extra money since they turned the journalistic sack over to the faculty, conspired to spring upon their forensic enemies what a learned Senior insisted on calling a "coop de tat." Harding, then the leading artist of the great west, was engaged quietly to make a full-length portrait in oils of President Bishop, who, protesting against such worldly fripperies, was somehow cajoled into the necessary posings. The picture was an entire success, and great was the glee in Union Hall when it was publicly unveiled and the scowling Erodelphians invited in to see what a really progressive society might accomplish. "R-r-revenge!" hissed the Eros between their clenched teeth, just as the villain does in the play when

the hero flashes the tell-tale papers before his eyes. This is the story of that Great Revenge. Browning might have called it "The Portrait and the Bust."

For the next six months about the only business attempted behind double-locked Erodelphian portals was a series of discussions looking toward an evening-up of scores. Gradually out of the chaos of despair one plan began to take form. It was a rank apology for a plan, a disgracefully tawdry imitation, but apparently the only possible thing to justify the brethren in once more lifting up their eyes to heaven. In its hopeless outlines it was merely this. The same Harding was to be employed by the Eros to paint a similar portrait of the same subject, and this was to hang in the same way in the same place as in the sanctum of the "Union Lits." Charley Martin, the floor-leader, confessed to a touch of same-

ness in the measure, but gamely defied the opposition to present a plan that augured better.

The youngsters especially were dissatisfied. They never agreed with Martin's stuck-up older crowd just on general principles, and now they were leading a regular dog's life, having their hats jammed over their ears by Union seniors and being asked where the Erodelphians got their original idea about a picture. Calling their tormentors a "Hyena gang" didn't help much either, but it relieved the feelings immensely, especially if a well-directed mud-ball went along with it. So controversy waxed warm in Erodelphian circles, always with the same conclusion. The logic, as Martin put it, was so infernally simple. "We must have some counter-attraction in a work of art, as an appeal to new members. What else can we obtain but a portrait? Whose

portrait but Doctor Bishop's does any one desire? Who else in all the west can paint it but Harding?" The answer certainly appeared to be, "The quicker the sooner."

One night little Charley Anderson, all unconscious that he would some day be governor of Ohio, was knitting his young brow over an awkward sentence in Livy. His name was bawled out from below in the friendliest tones, and he slammed up his window and poked out his head. It might be an invitation to a feast. A shower of gravel stung and rattled about his ears and a pair of Union lungs sang out, "Who's goin' to paint the Ero picture, baby?" While Charley sputtered and spat, the triumphant gentleman below passed on, singing gaily "Lies and Love and Sausages," and sought the village to trade the first for the last.

"Lies and Love and Sausages!" The strains lingered in Charley's memory and sang themselves to his tortured soul. Then association of ideas got to work. Where had he heard that song before? Oh, yes, that bully old mimic and comedian, Alec Drake, sang it and sang it scrumptiously in the theatre the last time Charley stopped off in Cincinnati. Dear old Alec Drake! That was a wonderful image of him in that wax-works show at Main and Market streets. They must have caught him in the midst of that same song, jolly old rogue. Who would think that wax figures could be made so like the life? Why, I'd rather make images as good as those wax-works than paint all the old flat daubs that ever hung in literary halls. It's better art; it's real sculpture! "Lies and Love and Sausages!" O-o-oh, what a huge idea! It actually hurt for a minute, but there's something to it. Why not

get a *statue* of Doctor Bishop for Erodelphian Hall and lord it over the Hyenas forever? But a statue must cost barrels of money. Well, why not a piece of a statue, then; one of those head-and-shoulders things on a pedestal? Let me see—oh, yes, a bust, that's it; Erodelphian, forever, with a bust!

There was only troubled sleep for the youngster that night, and little of that. Society was to meet the night after and the final vote was to be taken. Arguments and rejoinders, wild fragments of oratory raced through his brain, and the fever burned his temples. No wonder he was only a pale, shivering wisp of a thing as he sat through the complacent remarks of Martin on Friday evening, heard a high-browed junior call for "Question," and struggled to his feet, stammering, "Mr. P-p-president!" How he said the rest of it he never knew. But when he

sank into his chair again, the all-gone feeling had vanished from his middle and the Martinites knew what their young and persecuted brothers thought about cheap imitations. Moreover they were smiling at this impossible suggestion of a bust.

Now there was one very weak spot in young Anderson's armor; and Martin, experienced debater that he was, found it at once.

"The young gentlemen has suggested that we procure a bust of Doctor Bishop for our hall. An excellent idea; very excellent, and in splendid taste. But whom can he have in mind to mould the classic features of the Doctor? As he is well aware, as all the gentlemen are well aware, America has but one sculptor capable of such a trust—the great Greenough, of Boston, and he is unfortunately at this time in Italy."

Probably not one in ten of the gentlemen in question had ever heard of Greenough, or knew if his habitat was Boston or Bohemia; but when Charles Martin appealed thus to their superior knowledge, not one of them would fail. But the future Governor was on his mettle. Jumping to his feet he assured them in shrill tones that they need not go to Italy or even Massachusetts for their modeler of clay. No farther away than Cincinnati there was—there must be—an artist equal to the task. Some of them had seen his work and knew what perfect likenesses he produced. True, the medium was slightly different, but that didn't matter.

"Will the gentleman, then," Martin interposed with a tinge of irony, "kindly inform the society who this local sculptor may be, and where his masterpieces are found."

Anderson flushed. It did seem foolish now at the finish. But he went doggedly on. "I don't know his name, but he's the man who made the wax-works at D'Orfeuille's Museum, and I—" The rest was lost in a shout of laughter, and it was mighty hard for a certain tow-headed freshman to hold back a few big hot tears. When quiet was restored the vote was taken and the original motion carried by a large majority.

Then the prospective politician and a few faithful cronies began to do what should have come at first. They attended to their fences. Governor Anderson has since confessed that his methods on this occasion were decidedly shady, and declared that he used such tactics only this once in his career. An opposition party was rallied, not from those who merely wanted a bust, but rather from the large miscellaneous element who for one rea-

son or another wanted to "bust" Martin. All the youngsters were ready. Martin, they said, was a conceited puppy who tried to patronize people. Some of the older brethren joined in because they had old accounts to settle, and a few came along just to see the fun. Such an attendance had never been seen before. Promptly at the call for business a reconsideration was voted and almost without debate Erodelphian Hall decided to adorn itself with a plaster bust of Doctor Bishop, the same to be modeled if possible by the unknown Cincinnati wizard who made waxworks for D'Orfeuille's Museum. A committee with Anderson at the head was commissioned to contract for the job.

In a few days the three advanced upon Cincinnati, where they had not a friend or acquaintance to help them out. Anderson as guide and spokesman led his

party direct to the museum, where duty was forgotten in a half hour's joyous contemplation of the world in wax. Then they went at their task. The first guard accosted was a wax one, and they collapsed in giggling confusion. They waited till they caught one walking, and were directed to a dingy little office at one side, where a small French person beamed upon them and shrugged friendly shoulders.

"Ze man zat mek ze wax-woork? Non, Non! Zat ees mon grand secret; mon! He ees un miracle, un prodige, un —vat you call gen-i-us! I cannot geef him up! Ze Musee uptown, zey send you here? Hein?"

With some confusion on their part and many shrugs and grimaces on his, the boys explained the real nature of their errand.

"Oui, oui, certainement! Ze bosse, ze

statuette. Zis man he mek you ze wondaireful bosse. Parbleu! Who else should mek you ze bosse? You find heem where ees ze cornair of Feefth Street wiz ze Main Street. Voila! Hees name eet ees Pow-airs, Hiram Pow-airs. Un jeune fils, un gen-i-us! Oui, oui!"

With swelling hearts the trio hurried up the street to the workshop studio of their gen-i-us. In his muddy apron Powers himself met them at the door. This raw Vermont lad, clock-maker's apprentice and moulder of waxen images, was at that moment entering upon the career of achievement which was to bless the world with his masterpieces. The creator of the Greek Slave was making his first attempt in clay. He was all the boys had hoped of him, modest, genial and capable. He was willing to undertake the commission and would insure them satisfaction. The clay model would

cost them one hundred dollars; it could be moulded in plaster for five more. The contract was closed in a jiffy, arrangements were made for the artist to study his subject, and the committee strutted toward the canal-boat—the most self-satisfied group of infants the sun shone upon. Thus Hiram Powers entered upon his first remunerative piece of sculpture, preserved in that time-stained plaster cast in Erodelphian Hall.

Along toward 1840 the literary situation began to be complicated somewhat by the appearance of Greek letter fraternities. Alpha Delta Phi came first, an importation from the east, and after it was well established *sub rosa,* began a series of free lessons in that subtlest of all arts, college politics. One cold winter morning in '39, both societies awoke to find that these mysterious Greeks, bearing gifts of flattery and promise, had es-

tablished themselves in all the really honorable offices about the halls, and were running things "for the good of the order." There was a rallying of barbaric hosts, and by the next election time the Alphas were confronted by two iron-clad ordinances—strangely alike—denying membership to every Greek fraternity man. They quietly gathered their camp-followers about them, retired to their own back-yard, and founded a nice little society among themselves which they christened Miami Hall. They managed somehow to get faculty recognition, and three societies sawed the air and talked themselves purple in the face till 1843. Then the hatchet was entombed, the Union and the Miami societies uniting in the Miami Union Hall. Erodelphian and Miami Union have shared the field to this day, except during the rather brief existence of the Eccriteans.

Something has been said of unfriendly relations between literary halls and faculty. Very real these appeared through a number of years, and were by no means a matter of jest. They were a favorite topic of conversation, embittered many a student's career, and blighted the administrations of two able and consecrated presidents. All trouble seems to have arisen in the societies themselves through a misconception, or too literal interpretation of their independence. They insisted that a charter from the state rendered their official proceedings as societies immune from any outside interference, whether by faculty or trustees. This insistence was largely the work of graduate members of the societies, who had, of course, no responsibility to the faculty, but by the old constitutions might sit and vote as active members of the halls whenever they chose to drop in and exercise

the privilege. They usually chose about the time they had an ax to grind.

No open break is recorded until Doctor Junkin's time. Soon after his arrival, one Dodds, a refractory and entirely unqualified student not then in college, petitioned for the privilege of graduation. The faculty promptly sat upon him. The matter was appealed to the Board of Trustees. They sat upon him with an equal promptness. The Miami Society, with a fine show of innocence, then gave him a prominent place on the program for their commencement exhibition, an event that in those times overshadowed the graduating exercises themselves. To be sure there was trouble. Anybody but the Miami Hall must have foreseen that. The faculty in a long and formal document protested against such procedure. Even then the tabooed name appeared in the printed list of speakers, and at the

proper time two bona fide seniors escorted Mr. Dodds to the platform, only to be publicly and solemnly, if not affectionately, admonished for their pains. These two also would have been denied degrees, except that they signed complete apologies along about sunrise on Commencement morning.

Two things in these apologies catch the eye. One is an early phrasing of chartered independence: they "did not suppose the faculty had a right to interfere" with a literary society exhibition. The other breathes the song of everlasting youth in its rich suggestion of a melodramatic extravagance—which just failed to connect. It quotes rumors of a plot among the seniors of the Hall to tear up their diplomas publicly as they received them on the platform, or at least to cut out one certain signature. Luckily for Doctor Junkin, he was spared this crushing humiliation.

A little later came the Jones case. Jones was usually in disgrace and always on probation, but blest with a thick skin. One morning he asked permission to read in chapel a note concerning the expulsion of a fellow-derelict from his literary society. Doctor Junkin refused until the faculty might act. Next morning Jones took no chances, but marched boldly to the rostrum and sailed in. The Doctor gently but firmly towed him back to port. The faculty lost no more time in taking up the question, and ruled that such literary skeletons should remain quietly in society closets, and not walk abroad disturbing the good humor of the community. Informally they agreed that Jones was a thorn in the flesh and an undesirable citizen.

The formal ruling was announced in chapel next morning before prayers. The informal one became manifest imme-

diately after the Amen. For Jones the irrepressible was once more on the platform, reading away at the same old soiled manuscript. The president demanded silence. Jones read the louder. The audience became much affected. Groans and cat-calls, cheers and hisses drowned the speaker's words, but he finished the paper and stalked off the rostrum into the great world of business waiting to receive him, unheard but victorious. But all this was only a new symptom of an old disease. It all came out in the faculty clinic that preceded the lad's expulsion. Thus reads the diagnosis:

"A further ground of action in finding this sentence, but which its very nature prohibits being published, is that Mr. Jones did very distinctly and repeatedly intimate to the Faculty that he would be sustained by his Society in all that he had done; that he had talked with all, or very

nearly all, the members since Monday morning, and he knew he would be sustained:—thereby obviously intending to intimidate the Faculty with the fear of a general combination to resist."

With the coming of great-hearted Doctor MacMaster, with his scholar's want of tact, societies and faculty settled down to their sweetest, juiciest bone of contention. Every organization in those days delighted to be talked to. No society had blue-blood or recognition with the smart set, unless it had itself learnedly addressed, at least once a year, by some degree-bespangled wise man of the East, on "The Social Significance of Oriental Mysticism" or "Unquestioning Obedience to Properly Constituted Authority —the Real Safeguard of a Republican Government." It was always a momentous occasion. The village belles were all there, and in later years came the demure

young ladies from the female institutions. The members beamed proudly over immense rosettes the size of liver-pads, and tried to look unconscious of their pinching boots as they squeaked loudly up and down the aisle. The president of the concern outdid himself in an introduction magnifying the colossal achievements of the speaker of the evening—and invariably forgot the distinguished gentleman's name.

Well, each of the halls had one of these dissipations every commencement week and another during the year. Their intellectual natures demanded it. The speakers usually were men of real ability and fame, though occasionally they did strike one a bit unsound in his theology. History records no real blunder of judgment anywhere along the line. But as each side remarked—with one paw on the bone—that didn't matter; it was a

question of principle. Clearly, everybody who had ever held membership in the hall, and paid his fines and scraped his boots on the doormat, might come in when he chose and cast his vote in electing these speakers. If the faculty had no veto power, any old body might some time be chosen to air his views, orthodox or otherwise, on "Unquestioning Obedience, etc., etc." "Certainly!" remarked the societies, in firm and chilling tones, "and because of our herein-before-mentioned charters from the state, it is none of your cultured business." Then they all took another try at the bone.

Not very dignified, is it, looked at through the vista of three score and ten merry years? But out of such petty bickerings, men tell us, often evolves great history. In this case there were four years of skirmishing. The trustees were summoned as reserves and gave an

overwhelming decision against the societies. That ought to have been final: trustees conducted the examinations in those days. But these gentlemen were requested to assume a position of inert suspension right beside the faculty. In solid and offended majesty they turned upon their teaching staff. "Why, bless me, professor, mercy on me," they wheezed, "you must chastize these impudent rascals, you must indeed! And soundly, too, very soundly!" And the fight went cheerily on.

Apparently nobody thought, at the time, of the possibility of having these boasted charters revoked. Nobody thought, either, of cutting former students out of active membership in the halls. Both parties continued giving up their peace and happiness for principle, until the division had entered into the little faculty itself, and the prejudice had arisen which

colored every action of the president, and biased students ere they set foot in Oxford. The Snow Rebellion drifted in, with its ugly contentions, and the severing of friendly associations. Then at last, one day in 1849, Ardivan W. Rodgers, charter member of Phi Delta Theta and secretary of Erodelphian Hall, quietly submitted to the professors the society's appointment for anniversary speaker and politely requested their approval. They gasped and promptly granted the request, wishing for the society a long-continued career of prosperity. The raven croaked and the gray wolf howled as the moon rose over the battle-field. But the fight was over.

Pray do not imagine that throughout their whole career these societies have continued daring the faculty to tread on their coat-tails. The little period of contention is almost lost to view amid the

years and years of cordial co-operation and zealous effort. Even in the controversy, for all its unpleasant features, there was experience and growth. The very key to existence in the literary hall is strife and rivalry, the mimic warfare that makes ready for the battle of life. Somebody is always getting angry, only to be laughed back to a grudging sense of his own hot-headedness. Those old meeting-rooms are alive with reminiscences, all too many for a tale like this, of the jovial wit-combats of other days. One example will have to serve.

Ben Harrison, the nation's Ben, was an everlasting student when in college; but despite his seriousness gave the impression of extreme youth. One night he was lined up with some young colleagues in defense of a measure, and was much incensed when an opponent spoke contemptuously of these "callow youths who

would know more when they were older." Ben bided his time. Next Friday afternoon his crowd was due for declamations. They took two turns at their meetings then, you know; miscellaneous speeches in the afternoon, debate by candle-light. Harrison was called on first. He took a position squarely in front of his former opponent, stretched to his full five feet six, and gave with much feeling Pitt's reply to Walpole—"The atrocious crime of being a young man I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny." One after another the youngsters took their places, each one on the same spot and with the same speech. The house was hysterical when they finished, and impromptus were called for. At once a little shock-headed urchin, smallest and youngest in the hall, and a frat brother of Ben's, leaped to his feet and finished the audience by piping out once more the familiar lines.

Of course there were the Greek fraternities claiming the closest affiliations of these young hearts. But the comradeship of the literary halls was a very real and very dear one. In those days when snail-like transportation made the home folks seem a long way off, this comradeship fought hard against illness and discouragement. Sometimes it struggled with death itself. Three tokens of these combats gleam white among the trees in the pretty village burying-ground. The modest slabs reveal the names of three old-time Erodelphians, ministered unto till the very end by sympathizing comrades, although home and kindred were denied.

J. W. Smith.
John Jameson.
Joseph Little.

Above each name stands the motto of the society that erected the stone,

"Scientia, Eloquentia, Amicitia." Below is the parting benediction of man to man,

"Vale, mi frater."

Say if you will the old-time literary society is a thing of the past. It has justified itself a thousand-fold in pulpit and in forum. They served an apprenticeship better than they knew, those fiery-hearted lads of olden time. And we who profit by their national achievement and revel in their rich traditions, would gladly waft our message back to each of them along the corridors of time:

"Vale, mi frater."

VALE

THERE is a tradition, dating back to the time of people who should have known, that the Indian word 'Miami" meant mother. Nowadays people usually forget that the name is aboriginal at all; and cultured Easterners give it a rich, garlicky Italian twang, as they drawl it at you in melodious tones, "Mee-aw-mee." However, the old tradition lingers in its savage beauty and takes a real significance in the eyes of those much-abused but naively self-sufficient college organizations, the Greek-letter fraternities. For out of the loins of little old Miami, in the years "befo' de wah," arose in turn three of the largest, most

prosperous, and most widely-extended of these secret brotherhoods.

Far be it from this sketch to attempt discussion of the impulses or ideals which operate to produce these unions of choice spirits, these gatherings of the elect, or whatever else they choose to call themselves. The closed circle of intimates is as old as time; and contemporary with it arose a tendency to inward "peeve" and consuming jealousy among those just outside the circle. If twenty picked men are gathered from a possible hundred, the pathetic part is not played by the hundredth man, but by Number 21. When Og and Glug, among the pre-Adamite cave-dwellers, happened upon a valley where sweet red berries grew, invited Wap to share their secret, and gathered daily in their close retreat to munch and snooze and barter confidences; when they decked themselves with the shiny fruit, leered in

the faces of Tub and Blub—who weren't asked—and called themselves a string of gutturals meaning in their lingo "Order of the Sacred Grotto where the Red Berry Grows:" there appeared, in germ, the Greek letter fraternity minus the Greek.

In the college community there is particular need for these limited brotherhoods. A fellow can't intimately fellowship a whole school, and there have to be the chosen few whose hearts thump in unison with his. To these alone he goes with the hopeless problem in algebra or the perfectly bully note from the girl with the brown eyes; these only are permitted to loan him money when dad's allowance is all spent, or to share the luscious box of "eats" that mother always sends on birthdays. A heartless world may scoff, or bone-headed reporters write scathing sarcasm of the "rah-rah boys

from the Eata Bitea Pie crowd." But somehow there's nowhere else in college life where real youth—red-blooded, sizzling, affectionate youth—gets expression so adequately as in the comradeship of fraternity halls.

To be sure their secrets and occult mysteries savor of a colossal farce. A Greek motto that not one undergraduate in twenty would recognize if he met it in broad daylight out on College Avenue; a set of digital contortions suggesting life-long agonies with rheumatic joints and called a grip; a ritual pieced together out of empty but resounding phrases and calculated to make candidates forget the miseries of the hot sands outside. Beyond these, only the secrecy that belongs to every firm or corporation—the privilege of attending to its own business. They tell us too that these Greeks waste precious time, and squander papa's

shekels, and cultivate snobbishness, and acquire false ideas of life; some of which are dire charges if they should be true. They tell us, truthfully enough, that many a perfectly good fellow never "makes a frat;" and yet he learns his lessons like a little man and goes out into the great old world, perhaps even to become vice-president or invent a new breakfast-food. None of these propositions does it behoove us to argue, but a few fundamental truths of life keep staring at us till we're cross-eyed. Most men revel in a secret, even a trivial secret, almost as much as a woman does. The harshest criticisms of fraternity life come from those who know next to nothing about it. We have quit heaping criticism on the church every time a class-leader makes tracks for Canada. The fellow who didn't make a frat, even though it was composed of his inferiors, was usually

in the recipient condition of our old friend Barkis. Finally, the clan spirit never has been crowded out and shows no signs of disappearing. Now let us turn to our mutton.

The Greek fraternity made its appearance at Oxford when Miami was ten years old. In the fall of 1835 Samuel Eels came into Ohio from Hamilton College and settled in Cincinnati to practice law. At Hamilton he had been a member of Alpha Delta Phi, instituted there three years before. As he fell in with various Miami graduates and students about the city, it occurred to Eels that here was a fine chance to do a little missionary work and extend the field of his new fraternity. The process was delightfully simple. Selecting W. S. Groesbeck, C. L. Tilford and J. B. Temple as the most promising material, he called himself into executive session, voted these men into the organ-

ization without a single black-ball, and, having found them willing to assume the trust, promptly initiated them at his office in Cincinnati. Then he notified the Hamilton chapter that they had a nice new brother out here in the Ohio Valley, and he already bore a marked resemblance to the family. There wasn't much red tape about those times.

The first activities of the baby chapter were entirely in the dark. It was getting its eyes open, so to speak. Nine members were enrolled before even the existence of the thing was revealed. Then the president of the university, who had a pious horror of all secret societies, was asked one day to read an announcement of one of their meetings. Laboriously he spelled it out, "the Alpha and Delta and Phi Society," and his hostile suspicions were aroused from that moment. This feeling apparently was one of the few

things passed on to Doctor Junkin, for in the last year of his brief administration the latter issued a written protest to the trustees against the existence of the Alphas. The Board investigated these young terrors, but failed to find anything incriminating or unorthodox.

In the meantime Alpha Delta Phi had instituted her school of applied politics, giving special attention to night sessions; and had made the two literary societies lie down, roll over and jump through paper hoops till they were fast losing all their self-respect. Then came the revolt, culminating in a resolution passed in both halls, that no hated follower of this Greek crowd should ever be admitted to membership. One result of this was the creation of the Miami Literary Society. Another, less direct, but farther reaching, was the founding of Beta Theta Pi.

During the spring of '39, when this conflict took place, one of the hardest fighters on the anti-fraternity side was an aggressive young junior with the good old Covenanter name, John Knox. He was a natural leader and did much in person to bring about the ousting of the Alphas from the halls. The things he said concerning them, and the masterful and convincing arguments with which he disposed of all fraternities everywhere, legend does not record. Rather lucky this for John's reputation for consistency. For even as he fought, and in the leisure moments when the smoke of battle cleared away and men had time for girls and books and meditations, John got to thinking. After all, those pesky Alphas were a pretty good sort. Arrogant and conceited—whew! But nearly all of them had good minds and kept strictly to business, and they certainly did have an

organization there that was some pumpkins. Their solidarity and team-work were a wonder, and they had the nervy spirit of good losers, too. After all, where was the harm in such a brotherhood?

In the midst of these meditations John went home on a vacation trip. At the psychological moment he went browsing about dad's book shelves one day and made a find. It was a rare old volume, shape and title since forgotten, which retailed a little fact and much hair-raising fiction about the chivalric practices of the Middle Ages. Particularly creepy were the accounts of the Knights Templar and similar secret orders of the period. The knightly vows and pledges were repeated, and strange and fascinating sketches given of their secret history and inside workings. As Knox read, and thrilled with delicious horror at the read-

ing, the notion suddenly struck him all in a heap: "There are plenty more good men in Miami. These secret orders are worth while, and fascinating, too. Why not organize a Greek fraternity all our own, to have all the good qualities of those conceited Alphas and none of their undesirable ones?" Alpha Delta Phi's lessons in practical politics were coming home to roost. Even as she had done it unto the Union and the Erodelphian, John Knox was preparing then and there to set up a competing business in his own back yard.

To the unprejudiced observer there is one feature about Knox's plan, novel enough in his day, that gets to be painfully familiar as time goes on. The new brotherhood was to have all the good qualities of Alpha Delta Phi and none of its bad ones. In the same way, nine years after, Phi Delta Theta was to have all

the virtues of the Alphas and Betas together, and of course none of their obvious defects. Likewise D. K. E., breaking away from the Phi Delts, was to have all the excellence of the parent chapter, etc., etc. Four years later, Sigma Chi, sprung from the Dekes, was again to partake only of the good and leave the bad to soothe the bereaved survivors. The logic of this process seems complimentary enough to Sigmi Chi, but appears to put the Alphas in a rather unpleasant light. Then, too, one wonders where that constant remainder of bad keeps coming from.

When Knox returned to college he immediately got hold of his closest friend, Sam Marshall, and poured the entire plan into his rather willing ears. Marshall had been interested in the recent exposure of the ritualistic work of some popular secret order, and was all agog

over grips and pass-words and hailing-signals of distress. He was already muttering secret mottoes in his sleep and scribbling cabalistic signs all over his text-books. He entered into the whole scheme with much enthusiasm,—so much indeed that to the day of his death neither man could say positively which composed the first draft of the constitution.

About all they knew about Greek fraternities was that there had to be a name—some two or three Greek letters —which should be the initials of the Greek words in the secret motto. It seems a little back-handed, but they confess to selecting the name first, choosing such letters as sounded well together, and then leafing through the lexicon till they evolved a motto that would fit the letters. The name selected was Beta Theta Pi. Then came the badge—in those days another element of secrecy. They seem to

have had some knowledge of that worn by their rivals, for the form adopted was little more than a variation on the old breastplate of righteousness then weighting down the vests of the Alphas, but carefully hidden underneath their coats. The constitution took the most time. Apparently the two boys worked together on this; for both, you remember, had distinct recollections of making out the first version of it. It was really a simple but dignified document, built on such wholesome ideas as improvement in knowledge and scholarship, mutual support and assistance, and absolute faith and confidence among the brethren.

Naturally enough, a few traces of Knox's medieval fairy stories crept in. Much was made, for instance, of the perfect number nine and its factors, even to the placing of three stars on the badge. Membership in a chapter was to be not

less than three nor more than nine. Wearing of the badge was solemnly prohibited while in college. Most gruesome of all in its suggestion of occult and unholy practices was the obligation seriously imposed on each initiate in relation to his fellows, that "their friends should be his friends and their enemies his enemies." We are not surprised to learn that some of these rules were modified as time went on.

Once the constitution was completed, it was easy enough to get material for the goat. There were plenty of good men, and Knox and Marshall chose carefully from these the few congenial spirits they required. Soon Beta Theta Pi was able to extend its skirmish lines quietly throughout the institution, as the Alphas had done at first, and to gather unto itself a fat and comfortable share of college honors and distinctions. Their men

were vigorous and alert, entering freely into every student activity. Gradually the harsh rule of the literary halls against the Greeks was undermined, and in 1843 the Alphas came like prodigals back into the fold. Thus the societies had no trouble in presenting a united front on the growing question of faculty supervision.

It's a hard matter, these days, to appreciate the difficulties in the path of "Pater" Knox and his cronies. Keeping the very organization secret seems no vital matter in our eyes, but the strong chance of faculty opposition made it so to them. Then, too, there's such a joy in springing a thing full-fledged before a gaping and wide-eyed populace, instead of having curious and uninvited neighbors watch you stick every feather on. It's hard to keep them guessing, too, when these deepest secrets of your heart must

be rehearsed and even your ritual enacted on the same floor with two dozen prying youngsters, especially if there's a broken lock on the door and the windows won't track. In this case one fellow did learn too much. This was Grimke Swan, a particularly tiresome bore, whom nobody had use for. What was worse, he demanded to be made a member, or he would divulge that precious little he had already learned. In sheer desperation they hit upon a plan. Swan was given a nice little burlesque initiation and allowed to buy a badge, but was then informed that the society had no written constitution, would take no more members, and did not made a practice of holding meetings. He was solemnly admonished as to secrecy, especially about his pin, and was cast cheerfully adrift. Luckily he drifted straight out of college at the end of the term, or he might have made things warm for some of his resourceful brothers.

In the winter of 1847 occurred the largest concerted prank in the history of Miami,—the Snow Rebellion. The members of both fraternities, being inclined to get underneath the spotlight in everything and being on none too loving terms with the faculty, were of course ring-leaders in this. But the experience played havoc with their bands of choice but restless spirits. When the snow fell there were eight Alphas and eight Betas in college. Of the former there were two each of seniors, juniors and sophomores, together with one freshman and one prep; of the latter, four seniors, two juniors, a sophomore and a prep. When the ax fell and got through falling, there were two Beta seniors left to graduate, and not an Alpha on the premises. This doesn't mean wholesale expulsion, as will appear later; but chiefly for reasons connected with those eventful nights these men lost

interest in the institution. At any rate the Greek fraternities were left in a state of general disability.

At this juncture appeared Phi Delta Theta, conceived and instituted by Morrison and Wilson. In some ways it's an old tale retold. Again there is the intention to discard the despised shortcomings of others; again the choosing of euphonious letters from the Greek alphabet and the finding of a motto that will fit. But there are two marks of distinction. Phi Delta Theta was not organized in the spirit of rivalry, for at that moment there was not enough combined opposition to utter one expiring croak. Neither was it an organization out of tune with the faculty. Rather, the professors were friendly to it from the start, and before long their names began even to decorate its rolls. Indeed with this society a new era of fellowship dawned between instructor

and instructed, and for some years it was a rather extended practice among fraternities to solicit and initiate faculty people, together with such imported orators and itinerant lecturers as might add their bit of tinsel to the general glitter of fame.

These first two Phi Delts planned wisely and well. Between them a constitution and a fraternal bond were drafted, and the fellows they desired set apart. All were expected to fall into the plan but Ardivan Rodgers, the lad who afterward displayed a mind of his own in submitting an Erodelphian appointment to the faculty. Rodgers was known to like the crowd, but to oppose all secret societies. Fortunately Morrison was generally supposed to have the same prejudice. So all the prospective members were called together one night in Wilson's room, where they signed an obligation of secrecy—not in blood—and then listened to their host

propose his plan. All agreed to it promptly but Morrison and Rodgers. Then Wilson turned his guns on Morrison, who yielded his life-long opinions (sly old rogue!) only after a good half-hour of persuasion. Rodgers listened eagerly and fell into the trap so easily that Wilson almost fainted. "This society," he explained carefully, "is really not secret to me, you see."

Then came the usual experiences of these infant secret-foundries. Meetings were held at each other's rooms, where business was transacted in thrilling stage whispers. In pleasant weather they assembled on the creek bank and put out sleepy pickets. Their existence was not widely known. In fact various of the boys were invited to help revive the other societies that had gone defunct. It is handed down in the archives that they proudly scorned these base and ignoble

offers, or words to that effect. Their badges were another variety of breastplate, about the size of a young tea-tray. These, too, were kept under cover until the spring of '52, when they were at last flashed upon the world at a senior party. A Phi of the period, probably a sophomore, wrote modestly to a friend of the effect produced: "The boys developed themselves in grand agony—agony indeed of the Alphas and Betas, as glittering of the golden shields drew tears from their eyes." Sounds like Homer, doesn't it?

These early Phi Delts were great experimenters. Like their esteemed friends the Betas, they were aggressive in passing a good thing along, and soon had lively young chapters established at various strategic points. Then they got hold of some kind of visionary plan, which nobody quite understood,

for a fraternal organization among their own graduates. "The Higher Order of Alumni," they called it. This wheel within a wheel was too much of a good thing, though, and survived only a couple of meetings. There was also the scheme of "bicameral chapters." Some one had started the notion that a chapter should have only a mere handful of active members, and Phi Delta Theta had limited this number to ten. When she reached her limit there were still some good fellows she hated to let go. A second chapter was created at Miami, with a name and organization all its own. This lingered on for some years, a cumbersome and awkward arrangement, until finally the partition was shattered and the two rooms became one.

It is well that a mere slave of a chronicler approach the next period with lagging step and terror in his heart. For lo,

it is a period of division and strife, where brother's hand is raised against brother, and each sayeth unto other, "Bah, go to!" On either side in both tourneys there were good men and true, and every sad-eyed contestant felt that he was offering some of the dearest friendships of his life on that same old overcrowded altar of principle. Conservative and liberal were fighting in those little bands of Greeks, just as they have been at it, under one disguise and another, down through the ages. Out of the dust of both encounters gleamed the ruddy 'scutcheon of the Demon Rum, a proboscis gules above a thirst rampant; and as might be expected, he was always with the liberals. The most peculiar thing about it lies right here. There was one party taking part in both the lists; but in one it contended as a dashing liberal; in the other as a stern conservative. So much for the consistency of college boys.

The first arena was the premises of Phi Delta Theta. They had seen some three years of prosperous existence, and were taking themselves very seriously. It was a splendid crowd, with the stubby figure of Ben Harrison as a leading spirit, when he could spare the time from Scott's. For some months they had been considering a total-abstinence regulation, but one faction claimed that this was a matter of a man's own conscience. Harrison and his cohort, with some faculty backing, urged the measure upon them. The opposition kept shoving it on into the future. Then one day Gid. McNutt came laughing into their midst, and the proposition could be shoved no farther. You have known men like Gid.: brilliant, magnetic, impulsive, devil-may-care; the kind of man you love in spite of you, and your heart aches as you watch him take some fatal plunge with a song on his lips.

The whole chapter wanted Gid. at once, and soon had his promise to join them. But the total abstinence law was never framed that Gid. could keep. He was always falling by the wayside, to rise again in the ashen daybreak and give a tearful pledge of everlasting rectitude. And he meant it too. He joined the college temperance society, was made its prosecuting officer, and bless me if the imp of the perverse didn't tempt him into stumbling on the very nights when the society was meeting.

The chapter told him he must straighten up or never be initiated. He promised sincerely; and two weeks later went through the ceremony happy as a king, but somewhat more than half seas over. Then came the crisis. One party was for expelling him at once, together with another brother who had assisted rather largely in his excesses. The lib-

erals argued for forgiveness and still one more trial: they had lost count just how many that would make. Finally, in the heat of controversy, they asserted that if these men went they would go too. Solemnly they approached a ballot, dreading all of them to face the issue. At last it came. McNutt and his convivial comrade groped their way from the room, and after them came three others of the little group—never again to enter the counsels of the chapter. Under an elm in the campus the culprits and the bolters met and swore allegience, while back in the dimly-lighted little room, Phi Delta Theta sat silent but triumphant after her baptism of blood.

Before long Gid. had one dramatic opportunity to right himself before the student body, and his friends, the bolters, quickly appropriated a share in the glory.

The abolition question was then waxing hotter every day, and the advent of some professional spellbinder was almost a weekly occurrence. An eloquent specimen of the class, the rabid abolitionist James G. Birney, appeared one night before a large audience in the Town Hall, presented his case vigorously, and then—as was his wont—challenged discussion. A prominent student—some folks say he was a Phi Delt—rose to reply. But when he was well under way, Birney directed a few adroit questions which left the poor fellow floundering and defeated. Somebody called for Gid., and he was on a chair in a moment. Evidently this was not the night for temperance society, and he was at his best. As he always could, he won his hearers' hearts at once. Then for two hours he assailed the attitude of extremists on both sides, pleading earnestly for the preservation of the

Union. The lecturer confessed his surprise and asked a day to prepare his rejoinder; but somehow business called him out of town next morning after breakfast. Gid. enjoyed a triumphal entry into chapel, with his loyal cronies tagging gleefully along behind.

Soon after this, Jacob Cooper, a D. K. E. from Yale whose parents lived near Oxford, visited at Miami and became acquainted with this Gideon's band. He proposed to them a chapter of his own fraternity, and ultimately succeeded in establishing it. Thus the Dekes appeared in the University in 1852, and entered their claim for recognition. Into their ranks came such men as Millikin and Runkle and Whitelaw Reid, and in four short years they were called upon to face a crisis exactly parallel to the one that had created them. Once more conservative faced liberal. Once more one caught

a glimpse occasionally of the proboscis gules above a thirst rampant. Once more, indeed, there came a parting of the ways, and the liberals groped their way out into the darkness to found a brotherhood of their own.

As Harrison seemed to dominate the earlier controversy, so Reid stands out as leading spirit in this, with Minor Millikin, then an alumnus, just behind the scenes, ready to enter when needed as the *deus ex machina.* The immediate occasion of conflict this time was political. Reid was then a long-haired, pale-faced, graceful youth, nervous, industrious and ambitious, and in fraternity life his favorite hobby was compact organization. The liberals could not go with him quite all the way. Their motto was *"Dum vivimus vivamus,"* and they couldn't see what difference it made to J. Whitelaw if they chose to read it *"Dum bibimus bibamus."*

"Dum vivimus vivamus"

Then, too, this caucus business looked all right to them, when there was no opponent that you wished to vote for. But Reid insisted always, in storm or calm, on strict obedience to King Caucus.

The slate was in the making for the winter Exhibition of the Erodelphian Society, 1856. "For chief orator, J. Whitelaw Reid." Nobody could quibble or object on that selection, for Reid's fame was recognized far and wide. "For poet—?" There was the rub. Nary a Deke had ever courted the Muses so that you would care to notice it; and if the sad truth must be known, few of them could have told a caesura from an anaepest. But Reid would fain have a poet, and for him there was no joy in life until a candidate for bardic honors made the slate complete. Then the liberals, with Runkle and Caldwell at their head, walked calmly into Erodelphian Hall and voted for a rank

outsider to do their poetizing. From this the conflict started. Charges and countercharges were flung about recklessly, that night after the election, and when the chapter adjourned, somewhere in the morning hours, it seemed hopelessly divided.

Two or three later meetings failed to patch up the rent, although alumni members were constantly insisting on a reconciliation. One night in the heat of the contention a commanding presence strode into the room. With it came an equally commanding voice that said: "Gentlemen, some of the younger of you do not know me. I am Minor Millikin of Hamilton, and I demand, in behalf of the alumni of the chapter, that you abide by the rulings of the society." In a second the doughty Runkle was on his feet. "I," he declared, "am the Sultan of Turkey and the Grand Llama of Beloochistan. I

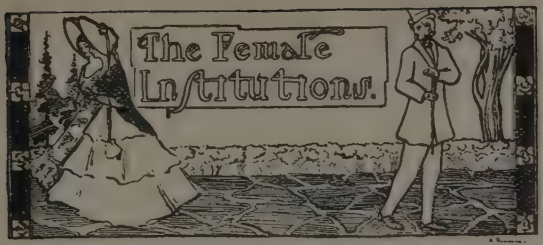
didn't join this society to be anybody's tool. There's my answer!" He flung his badge jingling on the table, and with his fellow liberals stalked from the room.

Soon this refractory half-dozen raised as their new standard the white cross of Sigma Phi, and stood ready to defend it against all comers. One fellow jeered at their badges the first morning at chapel, or at least Runkle thought he did. Promptly after prayers the future generalissimo mixed things up with him in a masterly manner and fellow Greeks had no little trouble in pulling them apart. Then somebody made away with the ritual and sacred stage-properties of the new Sigs. They looked large black holes of suspicion through Delta Kappa Epsilon, and immediately went to work training a new goat. This time they called themselves Sigma Chi and busily took up the problem of chapter extension. Fortunately

this was highly successful, for by some local mismanagement the Alpha chapter became inactive in a short while. The only other fraternity ever represented in Miami was Delta Upsilon, from the year 1868.

Heigho, for the quarrels and conflicts of college days! It seems a shame, almost, to draw them out from the curtained recesses of memory and expose them to the daylight. The lads who thrust and parried in them were soon to have their differences levelled and their wounds healed in the fiery ordeal of a real conflict. When Runkle's pain-racked body lay upon the field of Shiloh, with wounds pronounced as mortal, Whitelaw Reid took no thought of school-boy differences, but the busy war-correspondent found time to pay glowing tribute to the gallantry and worth of this old college comrade. You who are college men will

read between the lines of this extended tale of woes and see the real richness of the life that was there. The rest of you must remember that chronicles are too often built only out of disturbance and strife.



THE other day someone mentioned it as an amusing coincidence that so soon after the young manhood of the Miami Valley began assembling at Oxford, the attractive young ladies of the vicinity should have been possessed with a marked yearning for higher education in the same environment. Amusing, perhaps; but as old and natural as the procession of the equinoxes. About that spacious old campus, when its greensward teems with Johnny-jump-ups and its foliage glistens in the sunlight of June, there surely lingers the primeval loveliness of the first paradise. Who would expect that the splendid specimen of man, lithe-

limbed and stainless, that came in the early days to eat of the tree of knowledge there, should munch his little apple contentedly alone? Faithfully, as we shall see, were the scriptures fulfilled. From next the great red, throbbing heart of man the rib was quietly extracted, and when he awoke and did behold, there stood beside him, demurely curtseying, one like unto himself but fairer. And the only tempter that has ever entered the garden flew on gossamer wings, carried a bent bow in his infant hands, and wore no attire to speak of. He has come often, too.

Indeed, from the very opening of the University, there were facilities about the village for the education of girls. At first these were apparently private ventures, the refined and eminently harmless "dames' schools" of our forefathers. That didn't prevent their taking impres-

sive names; as is indicated by a casual statement, in the Literary Focus for October, 1827, that "a female academy has also been opened in the village of Oxford during the last session." Now "female academy" sounds wholesomely intellectual. Whatever may be the facts of the case, that name lifts you straight out from the sensitive region where chill households of simpering damsels are presided over by indigent maiden-ladies in lavender, who have undertaken, for a reasonable stipend, to impart to their charges the proprieties of social converse, a slight knowledge of the spinnet and the harpsichord and a marvelous dexterity with samplers, hair-wreaths and waxen posies. It brings you face-to-face with real learning, adorned with blue spectacles and bluer stockings, and no frills to fuss over.

By 1830, at any rate, there was an academy which measured up to the name. That is, it did if the traditions regarding its preceptress may be trusted. She was Miss Bethania Crocker, marvelously mature child of sixteen, who came over from Indiana and set up her little school. Her own training had come from her father, a pioneer preacher who never quite knew whether he was Congregationalist or Presbyterian. But the daughter—mercy me! As a baby she swallowed Greek and Latin with her cornmeal porridge, and pounded on the table with her spoon for more. She read all the Hebrew she could find and did higher mathematics for pastime. No cup-and-saucer courses in accomplishment for her. Her fame spread and her project flourished, drawing girls from at least three states. Then the strangest thing happened. The erudite Bethania

smoothed the vertical wrinkles from her brow, blushed and giggled and consented like an ordinary creature, and became the wife of the Reverend George Bishop, a son of the Miami president.

A whole string of private schools followed, most of them probably of the sampler and harpsichord variety. Of preceptresses there were Miss Smith and Miss Clark, the North sisters, Miss Mayhew and another Miss Clark; and goodness knows how many more. But no one of them lasted very long. How could she? Hardly did she collect her little flock and parade with them once or twice to village worship, when some young preacher or professor, smitten to the core of his poor lonely heart, would urge her so pathetically to bless his life and help spend his $200 salary, that she simply could not refuse him. Finally, in the early 40's, the supply of marriageable Oxford

schoolmistresses was for once exhausted, and the citizens realized that something desperate must be done.

At length they contributed of their humble means and put up an academy building on a small scale. By this time Doctor Scott, who had once been an important factor in Miami affairs, but had retired with President Bishop to College Hill, was having notable success there with the Female Institute he was conducting in connection with the new Farmer's College. Being a man and married, he would run no particular risk of falling a prey to ministerial suitors. Having served his apprenticeship in the University faculty, he could be counted on to give to the girls a college training that came in men's sizes and involved some good hard work. So the citizens of Oxford invited the Scotts to return to the classic village, occupy the new build-

ing, and create therein the Oxford Female Institute. The doctor promptly complied, bringing his previous charge along with him in an omnibus, and in 1849 the new institution opened its doors. One hundred and thirty-nine students were enrolled during the first year, and the numbers continued to grow for some time thereafter.

You may be sure that none of this was lost on the keen-eyed young fellows at the other end of town. They were glad to have Doctor Scott back home again. Tradition said he was the right sort, and they welcomed him. But the welcoming process, when applied to seven score demure and rosy lassies, was a matter for careful, if not prayerful, consideration. On one point Adam was certain. He was immensely pleased with Eve on first inspection, and found no fault with the alliance. Then every fel-

low proceeded to supply himself with giddier waistcoats and tighter boots, to toss the long locks back from his forehead in a Byronic fashion, and to practice fetching postures and languishing glances before the broken mirror when his room-mate was not in. Courage grew with familiarity, as acquaintance ripened into friendship. Soon the shrewd and wiry doctor was kept busy directing his charges where their little feet should travel; and many a time his ready walking-stick did service tapping some over-gallant swain back to a crushed and sheepish state of self-consciousness.

In all this searching of young souls, Doctor Scott's attractive daughter Caroline was by no means left in the background. Plump and petite, with a jolly twinkle in her sharp eyes, and a bitter little tongue in her head, Carrie more than divided honors with her father's

charming pupils. There were boys a-plenty angling for her smiles; and, being wise beyond her seventeen years, she distributed those smiles impartially. But the suitors grudgingly confessed that her real preference was the chap who was reported to have followed her all the way from College Hill, a quiet, studious young fellow named Ben Harrison. Word had passed about the town, almost before his credentials were in from Farmer's College, that this was a grandson of the late president, William Henry Harrison, and now to find such a celebrity in love added greatly to his interest.

Ben wasn't much to look at in those days; neither was he a dashing leader in boyish pranks or an adept in the social graces. He was short and flat-chested, with colorless hair and a complexion very much like tallow. There were good

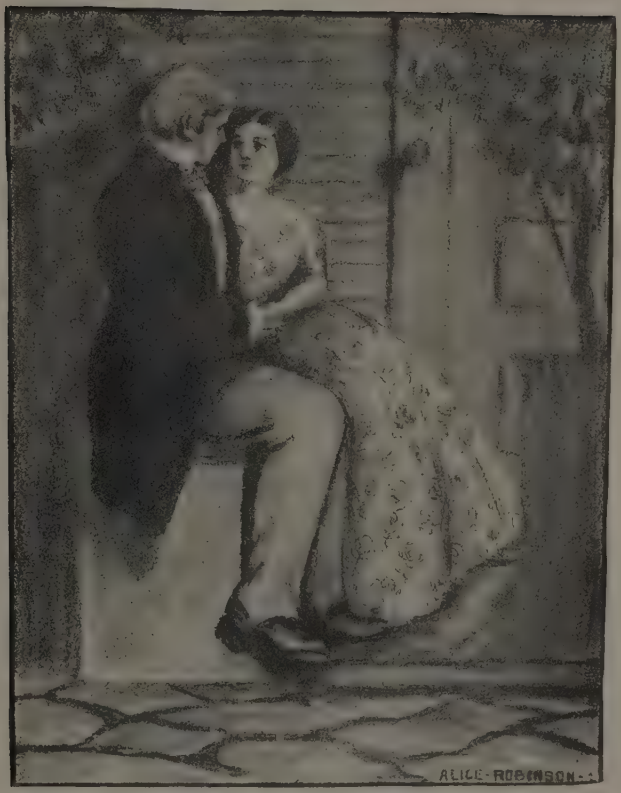
eyes beneath his high forehead, and they lighted up with interest and sympathy in literary meeting or Greek conclave. But generally he was silent and reserved and meditative. David Swing, sometime before his death, graphically recalled his campus impression of this solemn-visaged youth, his classmate and fraternity-brother. "He was an earnest, grave fellow," said Swing, "and had no time or taste for any form of mischief or for joining in a moonlight serenade. I was out with a dozen or so many a night, singing Nellie Bly or Annie Laurie under the window of sour professor or sweet school-girl, without distinction of person. But Ben was never along. He was reading the speeches of Edmund Burke or the essays of Macaulay, or was making the weekly call on Carrie Scott."

The new Institute building was entirely taken up with class rooms, society

halls, and the like, so that accommodations and abundant provender for this horde of rosy cheeked damsels offered no small problem to the Scotts. They themselves attempted to live in a moderate-sized frame cottage across the street, packing the place full of girls and making a frenzied effort to satisfy those delicate young appetites. Beau-time was limited and private sparking-spots were at a premium in such close quarters, even for a daughter of the household. But luckily for Miss Caroline, the Scott cottage was adorned with a queer little old-fashioned front stoop, forbidden to the boarders. At each side of this stoop, flanking the front door like the high-backed settles beside an ancient fireplace, were simple wooden benches barely large enough for two. This arrangement must have had a fascination for Ben, especially in those long, balmy,

drowsy nights of early summer, when young hearts yearn and the lazy moon smiles slyly down through the dense and silent foliage of the maples. It was a regular thing, at least, to find the couple there side by side—one bench was enough, forsooth—braving the dread night-air that mothers talk about, and planning the airy structure of shimmering castles in the land of make-believe. Blood of heroes flowed beneath the boy's pale skin, and ambition gleamed in his eye. But it is doubtful if anywhere in those brain-creations a place was made for presidential dignity and the honors of "the first lady."

Two years sped by before the lovers knew it. Young Harrison had found opportunity for many things besides doing time on the Scott doorstep. His was one of the strongest classes in Miami history, but he kept well at the top of it. Soon



"Braving the dread night-air that mothers talk about."

after he arrived he signed the bond of the Phi Delts, and they had some troublous times about then for a fellow of his principles. The literary hall almost divided his heart with his lady, and he never failed in his performance there. On the commencement program for 1852, in a rather obscure position, appear these words:

"Poor of England," ...Benjamin Harris, North Bend.

Alas, for the irony of fate, and of printer's proof! The only president and grandson of a president ever turned out from Miami's halls, and his name bungled as if he were an obscure freshman! Anyhow those who know assure us that this was really Ben, and the oration he delivered was sincere and eloquent. A burst of applause swept through the grove as he finished, and all the little maidens cooed

to their neighbors: "Isn't he just splendid? Such serious eyes!" Tradition is silent as to whether Miss Scott said anything, but we can guess what she thought. Her graduation essay, some weeks before, was on "Ideality," but she would much have preferred the real when Ben departed to try his 'prentice hand at life. He was not long away, however. Very soon a few selected guests were summoned to a sweet and quiet ceremony one morning just inside the old Scott doorway. A bridal pair was whisked away some dozen miles by stage to the nearest railway station, accompanied by a visiting minister who wished there were any other way on earth to reach that train. Since then how many generations of college girls have gazed lingeringly upon that quaint front stoop, and wondered—and wondered!

Maybe the example of Ben and Caroline was contagious. Maybe the trouble came from a germ in the air, like everything else we catch. At any rate there has scarcely been a year from 1852 to date, while both the schools were running with a full head of youthful steam, that there has not been a college girl who placed her little pink fingers in a big Miami fist and promised to be his for life. Why, in that very class of '52 there were four of them; and there is more than one instance on record where a son of Miami turned from mourning for his first college bride to seek solace in the affection of a second from the same place. Run your eye down the alumnae list of this female institution some time, just for the fun of it. Smother your curiosity about the apparent ages of your lady friends, and concentrate on the column headed "Husband's Name."

Check off the Miami people there recorded, and then figure on the girls who didn't graduate, but found their fate in Oxford just the same. Then you will appreciate the importance of this chapter.

Some people and some institutions cannot stand success. The remarkable growth of the Institute fairly turned the heads of certain Oxford citizens of the Old School Presbyterian faith. They clamored to co-operate with Doctor Scott in the erection of a fine new building and the institution of a real high-grade college for young women, with all its opportunities and privileges equal to those enjoyed by the boys at Miami. The pioneer quality and deep significance of this project will be realized when we consider that twelve years were then to elapse before Matthew Vassar should even conceive of the college that bears

his name. A company was formed, and very soon subscriptions amounted to $60,000, an enormous sum for that time. But the outlay was more enormous still, —ruinously enormous, as events proved. A beautiful plot of ground was secured north-east of the village, and a structure reared which was a marvel of its kind, and involved a debt almost equal to the original stock.

Not all the friends of the old Institute were favorable to all this, and many were the annoying difficulties thrown in the Doctor's none too practical way. One party determined that the Institute was to continue in an unbroken career; and before he could anticipate it, he found himself ousted from his old quarters while the new ones were still at the mercy of the carpenters, and right in the middle of winter, at that. For over a year Doctor Scott's girls continued to

live about the village as before, and appropriated the old Girard Hotel for college purposes. Perhaps that accounts for the cold, academic air it still retains. Feeling was high in the village, with the interesting paradox that everybody of the Old School faith was pulling for the new school, while adherents of New School doctrines, with representatives of various other denominations, were for once unshaken in their allegiance to the old school.

Such conditions nearly always produce a few farce-comedy features. This time it was the episode of a case of books. The Female Institute, in emulation of its masculine neighbor, had established two literary societies, with long, pretty Greek names: Calliopean and Philalethian. It was Doctor Scott's idea that these should be transferred bodily—charters, charming members,

and furniture—to his new temple of learning. But a few of these members, possibly encouraged in secret by the opposition, declared that these societies with their equipment belonged to the Institute and there they should remain. Perhaps by accident, perhaps because his own ginger was a little up, the Doctor in his hurried moving from the Institute took with him the book-cases and dust-covered library belonging to the Philalethians. It was some time before the Institute party in the sisterhood discovered their loss, and then how they did sputter! Their former beloved president suddenly became "a nasty mean old thing," "a low-down stealer" and a hundred other lady-like terms that really don't sound half-bad from a dozen pairs of winsome lips. Certain aggrieved townspeople got hold of the affair, and then they proceeded to talk about it. So

much was hinted regarding criminal prosecution that Doctor Scott secured the best legal talent in Hamilton to defend him.

All this was royal sport for the Miami contingent. Somehow the word was spread concerning the counsellor-at-law, and the boys, spoiling for the fun, insisted that the Institute girls begin their suit without delay. The more they talked, the more urgent it seemed, until at last a crowd of excited fellows got a rig and drove madly to Hamilton by night to employ an attorney for the prosecution. No one was found to satisfy them, and the case finally went to an Oxford lawyer, who really did just as well. After all the boys had talked themselves hoarse, and all the girls had run the gamut of acute hysteria, and they had all enjoyed about seven times as many hours of each other's company as would have

been permitted in a time of slothful peace, the two attorneys got together one fine afternoon, winked knowingly three long, mutual and impressive winks, and agreed that their clients would do well to compromise, the attorney's fees on either side being appropriate to so momentous a case. Amid such difficulties arose the massive structure of the Female College, which was finally dedicated in September, 1856. The Female Institute passed into the control of the United Presbyterians and was continued under the direction of the Reverend J. H. Buchanan. In 1867 it was absorbed by the College.

It has been noted that from the first these "female institutions" purposed real education, scorning the tinsel of mere social accomplishments. Their model was found in Miami University, which was just then turning out preachers, soldiers and statesmen by the score.

Erodelphian, Eccritean and Miami Union Halls were putting finishing touches on this product: accordingly both Institute and College argued and declaimed in Calliopean and Philalethian. Like their big brothers, these latter gave literary exhibitions during the winter, and at commencement held public exercises in which appeared some noted orator from abroad, and some recent graduate who presented the diplomas. The Miami missionary spirit found vent in a Society of Religious Inquiry; the College also supported its Society of Inquiry. Like the University too, these schools had a rigidly prescribed curriculum, packed full of Greek and mathematics and philosophy. Worst of all, they borrowed the custom of public oral examinations in all these subjects at the end of the year, with the one feminine concession that they had instrumental music between sessions of

torture. The extremity of this unsexing process may be appreciated by this caution, which ran for years in the catalogues of the Female College:

"Every judicious parent will see the importance of discouraging extravagance and fondness for display. Plain, neat, **modest** apparel only should be furnished. **Jewelry, except in a very limited extent, will not be allowed, and ought not to be brought.**"

Such consideration as is given to the eternal feminine seems stingy enough, as we glance through the accurately selected catalogue phrases:

"The social manners and habits of the students, as well as their moral and religious feelings, are carefully and zealously guarded and cultivated."

"No respectable male college now pretends to graduate a class under four years. Young ladies need **more** time;

for, in addition to the regular college course, they are expected to devote considerable time to those branches termed **ornamental.**"

Boarding students are promised:—"the watchful care and counsel of the lady teachers in all the details of general deportment and social etiquette."

Special courses and advantages are offered in the various ornamental subjects, but with this reservation:—"Music is taught for the mental and moral advancement of the student, and not merely as an outward acomplishment."

Now you need not proceed, on the strength of this, to picture to yourself a serious and bespectacled conclave of angular spinsters in Puritanic garb, crucifying the flesh and absorbing cambric tea and abstruse "ologies." Those were real girls, full of energy and mischief, and not particularly concerned whether

woman had a sphere or not. Just remember, please, that all those intercollegiate marriages grew out of intercollegiate romance, with all the usual accessories of tender missives and clandestine trysts and midnight serenades. Of course sometimes the boys varied the serenade program by appropriating the local stage-coach in the dark of the moon, and leaving it amid Doctor Scott's choice flower-beds as a votive offering to some lady fair. What the Doctor said next morning to his posies, or the remarks made by the distinguished visitor delayed in his trip to Hamilton, really have no bearing on the situation.

There were all sorts of plausible pretexts in operation to bring the boys and girls together. Lectures, receptions, and literary exhibitions reached a total sadly at variance with the rigid spirit of the College catalogue. That artful tickler of

man's purse-strings, the bazar, was then a novelty; and time and again the youngsters of Miami would ransack the village for useless trinkets for which they would gaily squander papa's money that night in the castle of the maidens. The presence of these maidens was a necessity every time Miami let loose the stopcock of her oratory, which happened about twice a session. Excitement didn't begin until the demure line of unconscious beauty came tripping in, esquired by some local Brummel with expanded chest. Sam. Hunt is said to have monopolized this performance during his entire Oxford career. Usually these visits produced only tremor of the speaking voice and pounding of the male heart. Once at least they remade a program. Among the speakers that night was Minor Millikin, who was much the ladies' man, but had unfortunately differed with Doctor

Scott on some rather important particulars. As the line filed in, he saw his chance to tie the score. When his turn came he completely ignored his announced subject and prepared address, launching forth in a dissertation on prevailing systems of "female education," and soundly berating the particular hobbies which the worthy Doctor was fondest of bestriding. For a full hour he made perfectly courteous but all the more delicious fun of college methods, until girls and boys alike were in convulsions and the helpless victim much incensed. There was some trouble for awhile in drawing female attendance at University functions.

One of the rare privileges for both sexes arose from Doctor Scott's devotion to the sciences and his consequent admiration for Professor Stoddard of the University. Every year the arrangement

was renewed that an advanced class of the girls should regularly attend the lectures and experiments in little old "Egypt," their goings-in and comings-out being properly directed by the Doctor himself, who sat in rapt attention through the familiar demonstrations. Needless to say, this course was popular with the boys, and all the pent-up mischief of the day was likely to burst forth there. Furniture would collapse in the most unaccountable manner. Horrid mice would appear from nowhere in particular. Once a large sheet descended suddenly before the class, displaying sentiments none too complimentary to the distinguished guest. The class of '61 was the last to enjoy this refining privilege. When it finally ceased, a Miami poet sang its elegy, in tuneful verses.

To the Young Ladies Who Attended the Course in Chemistry.

"Farewell, farewell, ye lovely friends,
No more we'll meet you there;
The sunlight has departed now,
Our hearts are filled with care.

"But still on memory's page are stamped—
Forever to remain—
Those pleasant meetings, which alas!
No more we'll have again.

"May peace and joy attend your lives,
So hopefully begun;
When absent, may you ne'er forget
The Class of '61."

The real cause for the cessation of these delightful amenities was the departure of Doctor Scott, who retired in 1860 in favor of President Robert D. Morris.

Several years before this, the Female College had been called on to acknowledge a very serious and ambitious young rival. It was only a potential rival, so far as University hearts were concerned, for a fellow doesn't conceive a very specific yearning after a girl he gets to see

just once in a year, and then finds her passing a public examination in integral calculus. But this new female institution appealed wonderfully to thoughtful parents who had daughters to educate and wanted them assisted up the narrow, thorny pathway at the least possible output. Little cared they if the sweet seclusion of the cloister palled sometimes upon the fair inhabitants, and made even the much-advised missionary career seem an attractive vista. There was satisfaction in knowing that Miranda Jane and Elizabeth Ann would for a while at least be made to learn their catechism and dust their room and cease flirtation with those shiftless Jones boys from across the creek.

In the summer of 1844, Daniel Tenney had come to Oxford as the first pastor of the young Second Presbyterian Church, representing the New School branch of

that denomination. He was an eastern man, and had married him an eastern wife, an enthusiastic graduate of Miss Mary Lyons' famous seminary, Mount Holyoke. It was not long until these two had caught the educational fever then so prevalent in Oxford, and were all aglow with the project of another college in the community, this one to be built upon the Mount Holyoke principle and fostered by the adherents of the New School doctrines. Rev. Tenney put all his best energy into the enterprise, and gave no rest to church or individual until he had a fine plot of land donated and sufficient funds subscribed to assure his pet institution. So there was incorporated in 1853 the governing board of The Western Female Seminary, virgin daughter of Mount Holyoke, forever consecrated to the maternal ideals and practices. Mr. Tenney resigned his pastorate to become

president of the trustees, and in September, 1855, the seminary opened with one hundred and fifty pupils. The faculty was selected by Mount Holyoke from her own alumnae.

Oxford was fast assuming the airs of a first-class university center, and the Miami boys, at first, were wildly enthusiastic. Placidly relying on prospects, a new Miami periodical, The Oxonian, next year set aside a portion of its valauble space for a "Ladies' Department," and guaranteed to its readers the co-operation of the fair sex in numerous literary offerings. With this promise came an editorial urging that there be less separation of the local institutions anyhow. "Because," declared the editor, "The Miami University, The Western Female Seminary, The Oxford Female College, The Oxford Female Institute, The Theological Seminary, and the various

schools that will inevitably cluster around these, will constitute for us a true University of Oxford." Alas, for the buoyant hopes of sophomores! That prophetic editor failed to consider that the little vitals of this young and blushing sister were inoculated through and through with something called the Holyoke System; and whatever else this system might or might not be, it was uncompromising on one point: boys were—well, they just simply were not. That's all.

Many people of that day, patrons as well as citizens, were a trifle hazy as to what Rev. Tenney and his associates really had in mind as the Holyoke System, and many times they were called upon to define and defend their position. They put it, with apparent clearness, under three heads:

1. Moral and religious culture should be regarded as paramount to all things else.

2. The intellectual faculties, and especially the reasoning powers, should be most judiciously educated, but not by ornamenting the surface with the mere tinsel of accomplishment.

3. There should be a distinct department for the cultivation of the physical nature.

This last item had a corollary attached to it, and there—on Mondays, perhaps—came the rub. Physical exercise is good; very excellent good. Hence, "to secure appropriate physical exercise, all the members of the school will aid to some extent in the domestic work of the family. The portion of time thus occupied will be so small as not to retard their progress in study, but rather facilitate it, by its invigorating influence." Not unwholesome doctrine this, especially when you read, a few lines farther on, that, by this minimizing of expenses, the entire cost of

board, room, and tuition during a year was brought as low as $60.

The whole proposition, though, was a bit too strenuous for many well-meaning folk. They had been taught to believe in a serious, man-size education for their daughters, but this was too serious. They were glad to have religion placed first before these girls, and even to have them urged to consecration in the mission fields. But when they heard of young and unhandsome male missionaries, who came urging the faculty to select them helpmeets for intended careers among the Fuzzy-wuzzies, these good citizens were not so sure. They wavered some more on hearing of a nice list of iron-clad rules of conduct, read each morning in chapel, while rosy culprits, trembling in confession, were assigned to secluded sittings on the front row. But that "physical exercise" scheme was the strongest test

of loyalty. Those were the proud days, you know, when mother, fainting over the hot cook-stove, protested she was bringing up her girl to be a lady; and father, clinging to the plow-handle, prayed that his boy might not become a man who had to work. So there was much parley about the Seminary. It was usurping mother's place in girl-life; it was training up refined cooks and housemaids; it was sapping the sweetness of young womanhood. At this point even the Female College put in a lady-like word or two, not exactly complimentary to her sister.

Right through the controversy the Seminary kept on growing. The building was always crowded, and applications poured in a year ahead. The great family was ever busy, working like beavers, worshiping like saints, playing like the school-girls that they were. One

winter midnight in 1860, the fine new building caught fire in the attic, and burned to the ground. Those brave young girls fought the destroyer of their home, yielding only inch by inch, and not a one of them was harmed. A better building rose from the ashes, and was packed with students from the day of its dedication. Diligent, resourceful, self-reliant, such a student community of consecrated young women the world has rarely seen. A colored burglar had been terrorizing the village, and eluding every attempt at capture. Then he foolishly tried burglarizing those females at the Seminary, and the very first night they got him. Men? Oh, what's the use? "Most of the so-called men about us, young ladies," said the principal, Miss Peabody, "are snakes; just snakes." Perhaps the good lady was right.

Historic Pranks

IN many respects the decade of the 50's appears to have been a sort of golden age in the student life about Miami. Good will and harmony prevailed generally. Corridors and class-rooms were thronged with clean-limbed, clear-complexioned lads, intent on learning something, but equally intent on having a grand good time about it. North and south met together in the closest comradeship, argued dangerous questions in the literary halls, and glanced but rarely at the thunder-heads of approaching storm. Social opportunities were abundant. Any student who desired—and many of them did—might run the gamut any week,

from the moon-struck serenade beneath some precious window of the Female College to the rollicking barn-dances, with hard cider sparkling from the tap, for which Joe Titus rallied friend and foe and transported them to his father's country-place.

Living accommodations, at this time, were pretty sorely taxed. Both dormitories were crowded, as was the little old frame cottage since destroyed. Most popular of dining tables was that at the Hughes house, just west of the campus, where the finest cook on earth vied with the most gracious hostess under heaven to satisfy that largest of all cravings, a school-boy's appetite. The pies Anne Regan made—those great, deep, flaky crusts, secreting untold deliciousness and carefully arranged in a convenient pantry where she knew her boys could find them in the dark—why, those same pies have

been the theme of orator's encomium and poet's pen. They have brought moisture to the lips of tortured creatures panting on the battle field, and forced poor famished wretches in Andersonville to cry out in agony.

A slimmer menu, but as ruddy a complexion and as good a time had those pinch-pursed fellows in the Old Southeast, who acquired skill in keeping Bachelor's Hall. Like many a great chef in later days, these chaps all had their specialties. One was a shark at making coffee; another was a regular whale at corn dodgers. Everybody of course could take a fling at the festive flapjack, but Tom Allen, the genius of them all, made perfectly scrumptious buckwheat cakes, and in times of great prosperity set them off with "papered eggs." He would show you how to do the eggs, but nobody was ever admitted to the innermost arcanum

of his buckwheats. That perished with Tom on the field of Spotsylvania.

Athletic sports were crude proceedings then, compared with our modern system of elaborate training and intercollegiate schedules. There was no place for mollycoddles in them either, and science gave way to brute strength and native agility. Impromptu wrestling matches of a decidedly catch-as-catch-can type were very much in vogue; and boxing contests, without seconds, ropes or gloves, were no rare occurrences. A football game, in which every fellow booted the ball when he wasn't planting a coppered toe in an opponent's eye, was a fine working-off of animal spirits. But the test of real, genuine, blue-tempered nerve was the old swing. It was easy enough when you got in practice. Easy as—well, as falling off a hickory limb in nutting time. But it looked terrible to a new

Freshman. It was one good rope fastened to an iron ring some thirty feet up in a tree. This rope ended in a loop, dangling a foot or so from the ground. Thirty feet away was another tree, with a projecting branch the proper distance up. Here the performance began. You skinned up tree number two, and caught the loop, which somebody kindly threw you. In this you inserted your foot, and began to feel squeamish down inside. Then with your free hand you seized the rope as far out as possible, while you took a final fleeting glimpse of your past sins. Then you swung off, clutching at the rope with your other hand enroute. At your age a broken bone would knit in about six weeks.

All the exercise and social gayety in creation would have failed to give outlet to the buoyant spirits of that seething mass of young manhood. Few of them

were really bad. True, the editor of the Oxonian, a college periodical at Miami in '56, utters a sweeping criticism of all western colleges, and is presumably drawing upon some local conditions. Comparing eastern colleges with western, he says: "In the east, where endowment and salaries are secure, discipline may be enforced. But at almost any western institution a man may be an habitual drunkard, may be notoriously immoral and corrupting, may commit penitentiary offenses against civil law and unpardonable ones against decency, and this be well known by the faculty, and for all that he may not only stay in college, but may visit the Professor's or the President's daughter with impunity and propriety." Surely the amateur editor was overdoing his argument, or there is some mistake in the traditions that have reached us. Of course there were young

rascals in school then, as before and since, some of whom had to be entirely disposed of, while others continued to be farmed out to nice country ministers as of old. But generally, when the safety-valve lifted with a wild, glad shriek of freedom, the force behind it was the non-malicious, gloriously creative spirit of pure mischief.

Mercy me, the pranks of college days! To hear the grizzled old grads when they get together, you'd think that nothing else was ever doing then. Which only proves that people always remember the pleasant things of life. Don't you recall how father used to sit for hours sometimes and chuckle himself sore about the time Jim Sharp—or was it Bill?—painted real stars and stripes on Prexy's old brindle cow? And father himself had a hand in it: he stole the paint and brushes from a shop up town. At least he con-

fessed as much one night in an extra burst of confidence, just before mother sent you marching off to bed. So it goes, and so it will go with all of us as we reach our anecdotage. Don't tell us, please, that the day is really done for the wholesome, harmless college prank, with the originality of genius fairly oozing out of it. You are robbing posterity of its sweetest reminiscences.

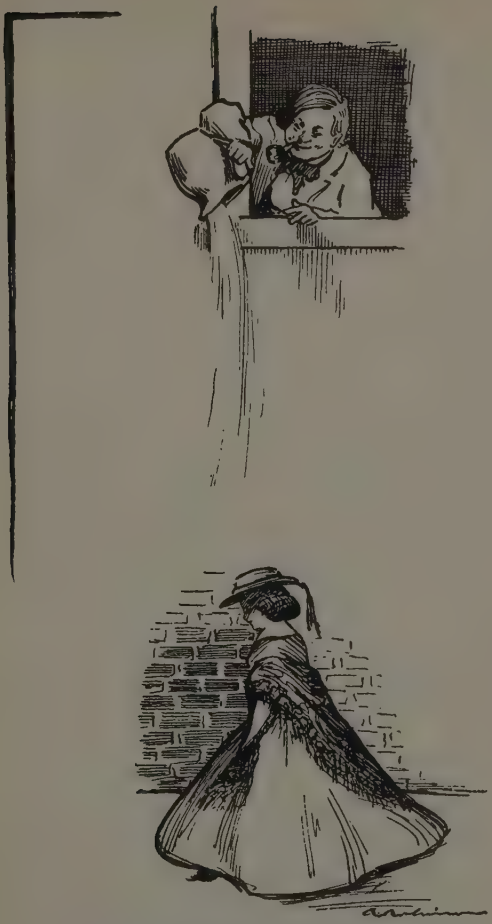
There is a sort of college pranks which a good classical scholar might call ubiquitous. The college that can't furnish a replica of each and every one of them, has no excuse to claim a history. Fancy a girl's boarding-school where they haven't at some time or other drawn up the good old president in a basket, lowered for other and less sacred purposes, only to let him drop or leave him hung in midair till he was discovered. Fancy a boy's preparatory school without a

stolen bell-clapper. Of such dear old conventionalities, yellow with the dignity of age, Miami has a rich abundance. Some of them are drawn from their wrappings only at commencement gatherings and passed tenderly about from one wrinkled hand to another, with an accompaniment of queer little wheezy chuckles. All of them are under some suspicion since the story-papers have blazoned them before the whole world and made us feel how disgracefully common they are.

"Stacking" rooms is perhaps the most ancient and natural pastime in this group. Any rank amateur could perpetrate it and chortle merrily when the owner stood horrified before his dismantled property. You'll find this mentioned in the earliest records of the faculty. Only there it is called "pernicious and ungentlemanly devastation within the college property." The appropria-

ting of chapel keys is another one that came early, as we have seen. Kindly note that the very first time this went on record the offender was a prep. It has appeared only in children's sizes ever since. For many years the old Miami chapel was located on the first floor,—a fine and adaptable arrangement. For look you, there was nothing easier on a bright Sabbath afternoon than to drop a pitcher of sparkling water on the gladsome raiment of the fine young ladies trailing in below. Unless it was, in the silence of a Saturday night in Spring, to fill that chapel up with fragrant new-mown hay and leave a vagrant village cow peacefully munching there behind the pulpit.

There is one deep mystery about this last type of pranks. Why is it, brother mine, that the lazy ne'er-do-well, who in the cheery light of day will never strike a lick at any useful occupation, is always



"A PITCHER OF SPARKLING WATER ON THE FINE YOUNG LADIES TRAILING IN BELOW."

ready to release his precious horde of energy in these bits of midnight devilment? The things that found their way of nights into that old place of prayer would seem marvelous to modern eyes. Yet it is not so long since "Bobby" Bishop's old gray horse, tied snugly behind the sacred desk in a newer upstairs chapel, looked his disgust through enormous leather spectacles, as the giggling lines of youngsters straggled in. The thing that meant real labor, though,—real leg-weary, back-breaking toil—had to do with a wagon and some wood. Long years ago, a young farmer had come in to spend the night with relatives in town, and brought a big load of cord-wood to dispose of in the morning. His horses were unhitched near the college building, and the loaded wagon left standing there. Restless spirits walked abroad that night, and in the morning a perfectly dumb-

founded son of the soil stood gaping at his wagon, completely put together and loaded as before, perched peaceably on top of the building, one hundred feet above the ground. This has a sequel the old fellows rarely tell. Every man-jack of them was promptly put to work restoring things to terra firma, and the stairs were full ten times as long and tortuous as the night before.

There are a few pranks, however, to which the little old college can read her undivided title clear. The greatest of these, and certainly the most epoch-making, took place some time before the decade of the 50's,—in the bronze age, perhaps. There was a spirit of mutiny about before it happened, and the lark itself, harmless enough in its first intention, set this ugly spirit working overtime, with what proved to be disastrous effects. As in real tragedy, the gods

themselves furnished the exciting force to temptation, old Jupiter Pluvius being most to blame. The affair has gone into history as the Snow Rebellion.

On the morning of the twelfth of January, 1848, the good people of Oxford rubbed their sleepy eyes and looked out upon a fine specimen of snow-storm, then well under way. All nature was already enveloped in a great white blanket, and still the snow came down; immense billows of it that shut out the day and made one think the very heavens had opened. "See the old woman a-picking her geese!" yelled one college boy to another, as dormitory windows were flung wide for a better look at things. Poor chaps! Before long that same old goose was to be cooking for them. Throughout the whole day the snow kept tumbling on as if the supply was inexhaustible. The oldest inhabitants sat up and rubbed the

moisture from their glasses, croaking that this was "cairtainly the peartest storm they'd seed sence the year twelve." The boys went floundering back and forth to classes through the great white drifts, which were as wet and soft and sticky as any rogue of a school-boy could desire. You know that type of snow. Remember how it used to sparkle at you, and just dare you to fling a nice hard ball of it at Deacon Spriggin's new stove-pipe hat?

About ten o'clock that night some fellows went downstairs, daring each other to a flounder in the drifts. Somebody started to roll a snowball, and to his surprise soon had before him a great mountain of the stuff, too much for him to move. He yelled for help and the other fellows came slipping and puffing to join in the fun. All hands together they struggled with the monster and slowly pushed its fast-increasing bulk toward

the unlatched door of the main building. Then what? "Let's make a giant image of old Mac and leave it here for him to see in the morning," somebody suggested. "Here's one better than that," came a mocking voice from the darkness; "let's block up all the doors and passages in here, and there'll have to be a holiday tomorrow." Some people have maintained to this day that here was no utterance of earth, but that the accursed Fiend himself spake words of infernal temptation to those attentive ears.

However that may be, there was no parleying with conscience. A hurry call went out in all directions, and the reserves came plowing through the pathless campus with fire in their eyes. All night long they grunted and perspired, fairly swarming about the fine soft masses of stickiness that were to seal for them the passage ways to another kind

"One by one the doors and corridors were closed with great white haycocks."

of labor. This wasn't labor anyhow; it was the greatest sport of the ages! One by one the doors and corridors were closed with great white haycocks, a few over-particular Juniors having seen to it that each lock was securely spiked before the barricade was placed. Just for variety the job was ornamented, when complete, with slabs of cord-wood, planks, broken benches, and a few stray bits of scrap iron; and the conspirators slunk to their rooms as the first light was breaking, to toast their soaked and aching shins and speculate on what would happen next. The air had chilled perceptibly toward morning and the stars had come blinking out; and now the sun rose radiant on a crisp and dazzling winter day. The campus was a labyrinth of tracks in the frozen slush, and old Miami stood in the midst of it, a castle sealed and barred against intruders.

Not much happened that first day. Professor Stoddard took one good look at things, and went sniffing away to his little laboratory, which nobody had thought to barricade. Young Bobby Bishop walked squarely into the snow-drift at his class-room door, before he noticed anything wrong. Doctor MacMaster was in bed with a heavy cold. Toward noon one or two servants appeared with picks and shovels, and went to pecking away at the mass in the halls, but hardly made a visible impression on it. It took the boys less than fifteen minutes to repair their defenses that night, so they had most of their time for decorative effects. Free-will offerings of discarded furniture poured in prodigally, crates and boxes found their way from up-town, an old stove was located somewhere about the premises. Really it was no trick at all to produce a deckle-edge

finish to those snow-heaps that was artistic in the extreme. Then somebody mounted the roof and carried off the big bell, and the job was pronounced complete.

A large part of the second night was consumed in caucus, for something seemed to tell these midnight prowlers that there was trouble ahead. They took a principle from MacMaster's favorite text-book, Wayland's Ethics, and warped it somehow so as to read out of it an apparent justification of their proposed line of conduct. Their plan was to confess their guilt openly and even submit a complete list of those concerned, but in no case to express regret for what had passed or give promise of good conduct in the future. Under-classmen were drilled thoroughly in the parts they were to play, and then the weary company crawled into bed. There was no neces-

sity for early rising. Indeed, it was the morning of Saturday, the 15th, before Doctor MacMaster was on his feet again and things began to take their old shape around the campus. All that day the faculty was in session on the case, as well as the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in the week following. Indeed there were frequent echoes of the thing during the whole term.

Strictly according to program the proceedings dragged out, always with a remarkable similarity. Outside there was always a group of excited boys, giving a rousing send-off to each fresh witness, and tearing the released one almost limb from limb in their eagerness for new information. But it was all the same. Milt. Sayler, Will Cumback, John Noble, Davy McDill, one after the other they took the stand, cheerfully confessed participation in the ceremonies, and just as

cheerfully refused to express the desired contrition and promise of a better life. A less regenerate bunch of heathen never assembled before a horrified college faculty. One after the other they were solemnly admonished regarding their duties to society, and given a period of respite to reflect upon their scandalous behavior. Many returned later to express repentance and be reinstated. A clique of the most stubborn ones stamped the slush of Oxford from their feet and made tracks for Centre College in Kentucky, where somehow they got admitted. A third group, dissatisfied with conditions generally, stayed the year out to re-establish a reputation for good behavior, and then wandered elsewhere to complete their courses. Among other effects of the escapade, the two Greek fraternities hung their harps on a willow, and the scholarly president gave up all

hope of winning the affections of the university community.

Some of you may have heard of the Hopkins myth. It grew up in the early 50's, created by some vivid student imaginations, assisted by a consuming and unholy thirst. Some of the boys in one of the dormitories—no matter which—had run across the recipe for a particularly fancy milk-punch; and when they could muster the price of the ingredients, indulged themselves in orgies that meant thick heads and parched palates on the morrow. At the edge of town lived a kindly and gullible old farmer who kept a sort of dairy and had quantities of good rich milk. One day when funds were low the boys approached him with the harrowing story of a supposed youth named Hopkins, sick unto death in the college building. He could take no solid food, they said, but his very life depended on

his getting plenty of nice fresh milk every day. It was told so well that they almost believed it themselves, and the old gentleman was moved to tears of pity. He offered to supply all the milk needed day by day, and not charge them a red cent.

Thus encouraged, the fame of those milk-punches spread far and wide, and Hopkins was fast becoming the most popular man in college. Then President Anderson heard of it, and immediately prepared one of his characteristic flank movements. Next morning in chapel, he spoke at some length on prevailing heresies in the church, leading up carefully to the particular opinions of the Rev. Hopkins, a leader in these controversies not long before. At the end of a burst of real eloquence he paused, with a twinkle in his eye, and looking straight at the bibulous culprits, said quietly:

"But, young gentlemen, I want you all to understand that Hopkins is now dead and has no further need of fresh milk." There was but one more public reference to the case, and that unnecessary. At the first roll-call next year, the students were listening intently to the new names. "Hopkins!" pronounced the president, and a roar went up from the old-timers. The doctor twinkled again and remarked, "This, gentlemen, is a veritable Hopkins; this is no myth."

In many colleges there used to be the custom of paying in public the last sad respects to some particularly gruelling text-book. At Miami this practice became a solemn tradition, the book selected being that time-honored enemy of self-righteous Juniors, the Logic. Year after year, when the syllogisms were all built and the fallacies detected, a group of free-hearted veterans kindled a mid-

night fire, and chucked therein, with a few brief but sulphurous words, the volumes they had thumbed so long and learnedly. Of all these annual mortuary rites, the ceremony conducted by the class of '56 has always been pronounced the most impressive. Perhaps because, as the country papers say, "the very heavens poured a flood of tears on the bier of the dear departed." People always expected things worth while of '56, anyway. When Al. Berry and Curran and Joe Fullerton and Reid put their heads together and got their shoulders to the same wheel, there had better be a clear track ahead.

According to accounts this "Cremation of the Logic" was fully up to all expectations. Several of the old black-letter programs are still floating about, containing even the words of the funeral hymns, and the arrangement of the sad

procession. If you just inquire, there are ever so many people who still remember the occasion with some emotion. Promptly at midnight the procession sallied forth, with the Oxford brass band executing something that the tune-book called a dirge. Next came the strutting figure of the marshal of the night, the giant young Kentucky Colonel, closely attended by four sheeted spectres, labeled "Ghosts of Aristotle and Others," to satisfy the curiosity of the common herd. Following the corpse walked our old friend Barbara Celarent, weeping as became a chief mourner, and attended in her grief by the Rev. Dic Tum. Then came in order two familiar connections of the deceased: the Dilemma, waving great paper horns some four feet long; and the Undistributed Middle, stuffed out with pillows till he could scarcely waddle.

A group of grotesque witches ca-

vorted in sunbonnet and wrapper at the rear of the cortege, and last of all limped the poor old "Beggar of the Question," grinning behind woolen whiskers and extending a battered hat to one side and the other. Rain came down in torrents before the parade was half over; and mourners, pall-bearers and all broke into a grand scramble for the village market house. Half-drowned spectators flocked in from all sides, despite the hour, and the services proceeded. All the Logic family was represented in the program. A. M. B. Guity read an appropriate poem, and N. Thymeme had written this touching song, which they all chanted in chorus, as the destroying flames got in their work.

"His greasy corpus we will burn,
And gather up his ashes vile;
No sepulcher or storied urn
Their baseness shall defile.

"But in Death's dismal palace he
Shall not remain, for, sad to tell,
His death is but a Fallacy,
As Sophs will know too well.

"Then join the song, forget his tricks,
No longer he shall cram us:
Joy to the class of '56,
Vale et Gaudeamus."

There was an affecting sermon by Rev. Dic Tum and an incantation by the witches; then the formal exercises concluded with a *maledictio*n, and the Juniors suddenly realized that they were tired and wet and hungry and morning prayers were distressingly near.

After an affair like that, old Logic never could hope to be incinerated with doings that were anything but vile imitation, the very scum of the earth. Naturally the tradition soon died out. But not so the love of masquerading in burlesque procession; that lay too close to the hearts of men, a reminder perhaps of their childhood joy in make-believe. Perhaps too, as the war-clouds gathered,

it was a pleasant thing to lose sight at times of the realities and merge one's self in the dancing, empty-pated harlequin. At any rate these big Miami boys never lost a chance to play the clown and go parading. One fall Salmon P. Chase was elected governor of Ohio: everybody turned out for a triumphal procession. Had he been defeated, they would probably all have been on hand, just as cheerful, and have called it a consolation jubilee.

Finally, about war-time, they centered their energies on Washington's Birthday—George Day, as they called it—and the screaming of the eagle echoed from high heaven. There was of course a program, late in the evening; but nobody gave much thought to that, except the speakers, who had to save their voices. The real simon-pure unbottled patriotism found expression in another

of those fantastic parades, which went straggling about through slush or storm, brandishing smoky torches and howling itself hoarse for the sheer joy of living. These were usually anxious periods for the faculty however. Drink flowed all too freely on such nights of revelry, and blood coursed hot. Somebody was always yearning for a fight, and there were those who would do anything to relieve a friend. The 23rd of February was marked with red in every professor's almanac as police-court day, and the official firing squad did practice in the rifle range for weeks ahead. The dove of peace bluntly refused to flutter about George Day till a firm quietus was put forever upon the jolly old masked procession. Nowadays we sometimes have polite little *robe de nuit soirees,* culminating in fudge parties.

Goodness knows, it was hard enough to keep peace in the family, when every mail brought fresh news of deadly carnage, and the big brothers were all clutching smoky rifles down south of the line. Somebody just had to break loose occasionally or strangle on his own emotions. Think of calmly demonstrating that all A's are B's, or dreaming languidly amid the fumes of Horace's rich old Falernian, when the red wine of youth was staining the rank meadows of Virginia. And Greek!—Ye temples of Olympian Zeus, who wouldn't have rebelled against that ancient atrocity, when the reek of precious human hecatombs was saluting the nostrils of the God of Battles! So, in the absence of anything else to quarrel over, in November, '64, the Seniors mutinied against Greek. They had no grudge against the professor. Neither did they lack ability in the

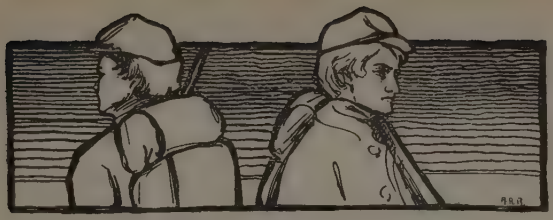
subject. They had discovered somehow that previous classes had not carried the study beyond this point in their college career. This must mean a faculty conspiracy to trample on their precious tootsies; and the spirit of the hour, especially among college Seniors, was simple and emphatic: "Don't tread on me!"

So one day, when the bell struck, the Senior Greek class did not appear; but the professor found on his desk an extremely courteous note of farewell, informing him that they had passed the limit traditionally established for the subject, they did not see that further study in it would profit them for the time required, and they had the honor to wish him much happiness, etc. Then the faculty went all askew again. First the culprits were admonished in the usual solemn and affectionate manner. One trembling lamb came bleating into the

fold. Then an ultimatum was published and three men dismissed. Then the faculty divided on the whole question, and the students were quick to take advantage of the cleavage. Threats of a wholesale boycott floated about the campus till the faculty went on its mettle again, put the loudest talkers on probation, and informed them that they might promptly depart in peace, if they cared to travel under such a cloud. Then the reaction came, everybody felt a little sorry and a bit ashamed, and the Greek Rebellion ended in a bloodless compromise.

So much for the pranks and disturbances of early days. Every college in every era has its share of these little teapot tempests, all-absorbing till their one brief hour is struck, and then tame enough forever in the ears of disinterested listeners. The next generation, wrapped in its own concerns, passes these

shabby old relics sometimes in scorn. Younger graduates, conscious of later escapades, strut about beneath the trees at commencement time, rub their aldermanic fronts, and retail reminiscences unmellowed by the touch of time. But listen! Do you hear the quavering cackle from that comfortable bench among the maples? There are '49 and '53, pounding their canes upon the sod, and laughing like school-boys at one of Doctor Anderson's retorts, or the story of Professor Elliott's absent-minded apologies to the cow. You needn't talk to them about the pranks of these degenerate days, with their luxuries and flubdubs. For them the real golden age is far behind us, never to be enjoyed again.



WAR!!!

THE musty old record-book of the Miami faculty is tame enough reading for the opening of 1861. A few examinations passed, about as many fatally attempted, an occasional "drawback" or a reprimand:—all transcribed in the awkward, wabbly handwriting of Professor David Swing, at that time secretary of the learned circle. Then all at once God's lightning flashes in the clear sky. The young teacher has been rudely awakened from his academic dreams; and in the margin of his journal he has scrawled, in great bold characters, with three bristling exclamation-points, the one portentous word "War!!!" Opposite, under date of May 25, 1861, appears the re-

cord: "In view of the fact that the following members of the Senior Class were now enlisted in the service of their Country, and were of good standing as scholars, they were excused from the final examination, but are included among those recommended for graduation." There follows a list of fifteen names, out of a total Senior enrollment of thirty-five.

Only the day before this record, the last strenuous tests of scholarship had been applied. The final social rites had been performed, in a perfect orgy of tight boots, ornate cravats and puckery lemonade. But only a fraction of the class had been on hand, to revel in the consciousness of duties done, and share the cakes and ale of jubilation. In the muddy camp at Zanesville, or somewhere along the muddier highway across the West Virginia line, their comrades, shorn of scholastic glories, were negotiating moist

ground with thin blankets, and practicing the everlasting "hep, hep, hep!" that promised some day to lead them to heroic carnage. Even amid the buzz of conversation and the rustle of silken petticoats that night at the Senior party, there was heard at times the clank of metal and hoarse words of sharp command, as a raw troop of reserves went drilling by. Doctor Scott and his girls, as they journeyed home beneath the stars, were twice halted by the nervous young sentries of a city of white tents along their way. Vast changes had come upon serene little Oxford on her academic hill. Whether she would or not, echoes of the mad turmoil in the big world below forced themselves upon her senses, and the great God of Battles was calling for her best young blood to mingle in his sacrifice.

These changes had come abruptly, but to only the utterly thoughtless or the

fondly optimistic had they been unexpected. Slavery and state's rights had been agitated for generations, and far-seeing public men had looked into the future and shuddered. Old Miami, so near the border-line and gathering students freely from north and south alike, had been able to remain delightfully neutral, but not ignorant. The abolition movement, we have seen, had deposed one college president and brought in another. The abolition question, we have likewise seen, gave Gid. McNutt one spectacular chance to swell his chest before his erstwhile brothers in the bond. In the class-room and literary hall, however, such topics were rather zealously suppressed. One day in the 30's, even, when a bright youth of apocalyptic vision relieved himself of an essay predicting that out of these contentions would grow a civil war terrible in its possibilities for suffering, old Doctor Bishop had mildly

reprimanded the author and taken prompt possession of his Sibylline manuscript to destroy it.

In 1847, when the abolition tide was rolling high, there had almost been one open outbreak. Oxford preachers knew better than to say much on the subject or to invite reputed fire-eaters to speak in their stead. At length a certain rather famous adherent of the cause got his chance, under promise to make no reference whatever to slavery. All the students attended, from north and south, to have a look at the celebrity. The visitor arose and announced that he was undecided in his conscience whether to obey God or man. He told quickly of his promise and then began to pray. Evidently conscience soon decided for him, for the prayer deflected into a series of terrible imprecations called down upon the heads of southern-

ers in general and slave-holders in particular. There was much uneasiness and shuffling throughout; and promptly at the Amen every southern student in the congregation arose and marched haughtily for the door. The minister, brandishing his Bible, shrilly reminded them that the wicked have a habit of fleeing when no man pursueth. At this the end of the procession paused in the doorway, and responded eloquently in lurid words that made fond mothers stop their children's ears. The meeting, of course, broke up in wild confusion.

As the real crisis came nearer, the dangerous topic was still more studiously avoided. That decade before the conflict embraced some splendid years of experience and achievement. Long before their close, however, the spirit of dissension stalked frequently abroad. Quarrels and disturbance were the order of the day

—and night, and nearly always they concluded in a fracas, sometimes with murderous weapons. One student was killed in a tavern brawl of this kind. Others merely had their feelings or their features disarranged, and furnished occupation for the faculty. Incidentally the "Female Institutions" got their share of attention in these escapades.

Apparently the most frequent victim of this spirit of unrest, and certainly the most hopeless, helpless of them all, was an inoffensive little product of some *Rheinische Turnverein,* Roemler by name, who had been brought in to direct the destinies of the new gymnasium so pompously instituted by the trustees. The "gym" wasn't much to look at. It was somebody's cast-off barn, with a few dumb-bells hung on the harness-pegs and a trapeze or two suspended from the haymow. Roemler wasn't much to look at,

cither. He had very little English at his command and still less of knowledge regarding that almost human animal, the American boy. True, he could turn all sorts of handsprings and whirligigs, and led the perspiring line through strange evolutions with his "Forwartz martz!"—"Laags steef!" But who cares for such mimic marching when any breeze from the southland may bring you real military strains? So they teased poor Roemler unmercifully, drove him into nasty spurts of temper, and brought his sanctum into such disapproval that "Physical Education" was quietly but firmly discontinued. Almost as the exercises and evolutions of peace went out, those of grim and serious strife came in.

"The South has fired upon the flag!" "Fort Sumter has been taken!" "The President has called for seventy-five thousand troops!" So fast did these an-

nouncements pour into the village that students and townspeople paled and trembled under the shock, and groped vainly for a moment in their attempt to realize. When the blood surged back to the surface, they understood and were ready. Lads of the North, to whom this agitation had always seemed a mere demagogue's extravagance, burned now to avenge the insult to their country and her colors. The imaginary patriotism of a thousand Exhibition speeches welled into actual being in an instant. Stalwart sons of the South, who loved the whole broad land of freedom and had learned the spirit of the northland, gathered in groups apart—not shunned, but respected—and there, in hushed tones, discussed their one possible method of procedure.

Only the colleges of the borderland witnessed such a scene as followed on

the morrow. The whole student community assembled at the station, as the time approached for the train to Cincinnati. All the usual signs of abundant life and high spirits were wanting. Every man stood tense and silent, and a few white cheeks gave signs of tears. The parting and the heart-ache of war were very new just then. Down the street came the Southern fellows, with heads erect and the gleam of consecrated purpose in their eyes. Some of them, within two months past, had poured out their very souls in public homage to the dear old striped flag, the banner of a united country. Some of those hearts were full to breaking now with the anguish of this separation. But home and kindred had decided for them and they never wavered. There was no demonstration to the scene. Some choking words were spoken: hands clasped in a last pressure across this

strange new gulf of war. Here and there an arm sought some broad manly shoulder, and lingered there in silent farewell. Then the train came puffing in, and comrades from the North and South severed their acquaintance forever. No, not in every case forever. They met sometimes, all shrouded in the smoke of battle, sworn enemies in hostile lines, and then they felt anew the falseness and the horror of it all.

There were lively times in Oxford for the next few days. Every fellow around the campus was getting ready to go to war. They recognized no age limit nor any other obstacle. Lessons they calmly ignored, at least so far as the ever-diligent faculty would permit. Recruiting began at once for a college company, the University Rifles, and the crowd fairly fought for the privilege to sign up. By nightfall of the first day there was a wait-

ing-list, and word was sent to Columbus that the country was saved. Then came a few nerve-racking days of suspense, awaiting marching-orders. You know what that might mean in a student crowd. They didn't get afraid or indifferent. Bless you, no! They just took a sober second thought that the projected scheme was not a primrose path of dalliance, and that there were hosts of important duties demanding their immediate attention right at home. Not many of the volunteers would have backed down even then, if the mail service from the home folks hadn't gone into active operation. Of course the authorities stubbornly insisted that these militant youngsters should have parental consent.

It was soon evident that the University Rifles must use village talent to make up their quota. Here recruiting was almost as easy, and all the way to the capi-

tal volunteers and camp-followers swelled the company beyond the legal limit. Choice of a captain was soon made. Only one fellow of them all had ever juggled a musket in regulation way, and he was a Senior, Ozro J. Dodds, who had been under Lew Wallace in an Indiana military school. Dodds didn't remember much of his manual except the marching, but the way he kept those poor perspiring rookies scratching holes in University greensward would have rejoiced any patriot. The minor offices didn't matter much: at best they were painfully few. Why, there were not nearly enough to go around, even when the captain insisted on three lieutenants, as there had been at Crawfordsville.

Finally the company was ready for departure. You know what always happened on such occasions. Maybe you have seen it yourself, or you are sure to

have read the conventional account somewhere. The concourse of admiring and much bestarched maidens, all sweet and teary 'round the lashes. The rather awkward file of heroes, sheepishly trying to appear unconscious of the furore they were making. The home-made silk banner, presented with an address and a benediction by some good old minister, this time impersonated by Doctor Hall, of the University. The kindly mothers in Israel, pressing testaments into the hands of the young soldiers, and the well-to-do citizens with their little offerings of pocket-money. The martial music and the cheers, the blessings and the handshakes, and then the "chug-chug" of the locomotive drawing the human freight away to—God knows what or where. Perhaps now we can find some humor in such an episode; can smile blandly at the

"Then it was only a pitiable reality."

homely earnestness of the participants. Then it was only a pitiable reality.

The Rifles, as such, achieved no great distinction. At Columbus ruthless officials went through the ranks, and brought them within bounds by sending home those freshest from the cradle-roll. This was a dark hour for young Cal. Brice, who had put more enthusiasm into this brief military career than he ever did later into a senatorial campaign. But "the atrocious crime of being a young man" was this time beyond pardon, and the youth was promptly billed for Oxford, his red hair bristling with disgust and an occasional big tear winding its way through his wilderness of freckles. In a few days the troop was rechristened as Company B of the 20th Ohio, and was sent on its way for three months of service. From Columbus it moved to Hamilton; then back to Columbus again; later

to Zanesville, and at last across the boundary into West Virginia, to wear out its time in monotonous guard duty along the railroads. No wonder most of the members promptly re-enlisted, in search of some real war. Be it known that they afterwards got it.

Back at Oxford all was still excitement. Every mail brought stacks of letters from the soldier boys, and the air was charged with war news. The Rifles had hardly left the station when a new company—the Home Guards—was being organized, with Professor MacFarland at their head. This last was a tactful move, for the faculty kept its patriotism cravenly suppressed. Lessons—the base routine of Latin, Greek and mathematics—actually went on the same as before! The current number of the Miami Monthly is a bit amusing at this point. "The paucity of students," remarked the

editor, "has not in the least interfered with the operations of the College. Daily chapel exercises have been just as regular as they were before, and the door bolted against stragglers, after the second bell, just as securely as ever. Lessons have been just as long, and the professors as unintermitting in their endeavors. Grading has been as carefully observed as previously, and war has had no effect on the number of **zeros.** In a word, our number, but not our equanimity, has been disturbed. Students may stop, but college does not. War may go on, but so does Miami University. **As long as one man remains, there are eight professors to teach him."** The same issue is loaded down with the usual weighty discussions of "Detail in Landscape Painting" and "Ferdousi: the Persian Homer."

It was no child's-play to preserve academic tranquility in those days. Even the simon-pure patriots were obstreperous enough at times; and there were just a few disgruntled, cross-grained fault-finders hanging about, who were "agin the government" and kept busy picking trouble with the rest. One of these was promptly handled by the faculty for "uttering treasonable sentiments and hurrahing for Jeff. Davis and the so-called Southern Confederacy." Later a definite rule was formulated against the public parading of such sentiments. Patriotism effervesced in all sorts of scrapes and antics, many of them clustering about those fatal "George Days." In the absence of other military features, the army canteen was patronized liberally about this time. A fellow had to do something like a soldier. Perhaps young Brice was only in practice for foraging duty when

he was called on the carpet for confiscating wood and shingles from respected Oxford citizens.

In June, '62, the Home Guards got their opportunity. A fresh call was made for troops, and those fellows who had double-quicked and counter-marched about town for more than a year could be kept down no longer. Professor Mac, their drill-master, was urged to take command. The faculty argued that he should go, since they felt largely responsible for the fortunes of these reckless lads entrusted to their care. At length he consented, obligating himself to accept no appointment that would remove him from his boys. Again came the mustering at Columbus, this time with the 86th Ohio; and again the weary weeks of guard duty in West Virginia. Those performances in Oxford had their reward at last though, for Captain Mac's boys were soon fa-

mous—and accordingly puffed up—as being the best drilled company in the regiment; and the captain himself, true to his pledge, was kept busy turning down promotions.

Before this three-months' service had expired, Miami was called upon once more to save her country, this time in one of the opera-bouffe episodes of the war. Kirby Smith and his famous rebel raiders were on the war-path chanting the scalp-song, and rumor had it they were headed straight for Cincinnati. Volunteers were called for in a panicky way all over the state, and Oxford was promptly in the field, with Charley Fisk of Kentucky in the lead. The company that recruited on the campus was a miscellaneous assortment of town and country boys, with such students as were still on the premises. No time had they for the gaudy fripperies of war. Uniforms were un-

thought of, tactics were delightfully unorthodox, and weapons were of all ages, sizes and varieties, just what they were able to wheedle away from grand-dad's care or purloin somewhere in the name of the state. Such nondescript methods everywhere gave to the assembled horde the appropriate name "Squirrel-Hunters," the most picturesque of all Ohio's soldiery. The Oxford company made its exit with as much *eclat* as anybody, and did yeoman service for a week or so, patrolling a lonesome railroad bridge which nobody had the remotest intention of crossing.

Still a fourth organized body of Miami men went out to war, once more commanded by popular Captain Mac. This time, however, the ratio of gown to town was much smaller and to this corporal's guard Professor MacFarland was not obligated so closely as before. He soon

became Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, which was his old 86th, reorganized for six months more of duty. Once again the little Miami delegation was the leaven of the grimy blue lump, and a sore temptation to its former captain to show rank favoritism in his new authority. These youngsters drilled and plodded faithfully through the routine of war, volunteered among the first for dangerous assignments, and cheerfully overstayed their time two months just to break the stubborn resistance of Cumberland Gap. That little siege was a clever one though; and only a great-browed mathematician, skilled in permutation and combination, would have hit upon the final plan of shuffling numbers on the soldiers' caps, till the Southern spies believed the handful of regiments a vast and crushing army. Some veterans of Tennessee are wondering yet what be-

came of all the Yanks who besieged that pass.

In the course of the war, more than four hundred Miami men, young and old, in dusty blue and spattered gray, tried out their courage in the field. They found every grade of service, from major general of volunteers to high private in the rearmost rank; and you might well have met a few of them ably driving commissary mules. It is an open question whether in those four grim years the real life of Miami was being lived along the wind-swept corridors of the old Main Building, or about the camp-fires of Georgia and Tennessee. The local heroes of many college generations had become at a leap swift-moving ministers of awful vengeance to the enemy. No wonder that the paltry narrative of schemes and escapades and rainbow-hued romance is soon

forgotten when the minstrel strings his harp and chants passionately of such martial deeds. Unfortunately for us, no minstrel arose when these stirring songs were fresh and new, to weave from them the heroic epic of Miami in the War; and only a fragment or so must serve us now.

Probably the oldest offspring of Miami in the conflict, and certainly the most exalted, was General Robert C. Schenck. He had done so much before the war began, and reached such national prominence, that his very honors won in politics almost thwarted a military career. All the opposition papers shook their yellow sides and howled with glee when Schenck was appointed brigadier-general, over the heads of a score or so West-Pointers who knew the manual of arms backwards. "Turn him over to an orderly-sergeant," they shrieked, "and make him drill like the Devil for a month!

Maybe then he'll know enough of war to command a company." Schenck only sawed wood. Out on the London and Hampshire Railroad there were signs of trouble, and before long he was sent to patrol the line with a force of men on flat-cars, and a locomotive pushing in the rear. They ran straight into an ambush of several times their own numbers; and the engineer, at the first shots, unhooked his couplings and left them to fight it out. General Schenck fought much like a man who knew how, and a clean victory against great odds showed the wisdom of Lincoln's choice. But his friends the papers took care to belittle the conflict, and tacked upon him the well-earned title "Hero of Vienna." Only they gave it a queer sarcastic twist sometimes discerned lately in such honorable expressions as "Hero of San Juan Hill."

Maybe the old political campaigner had much to learn of the technicalities of real war. Anyhow he had mastered one fundamental fact worth knowing: the necessity of the soldier's absolute obedience to orders, no matter what the cost. Some of his younger, book-taught critics were a bit unsteady in this sort of underpinning. The first battle of Bull Run, where Schenck commanded a brigade, gave a mighty good exhibition of the fighting stuff that men had in them. Just as the Northern retreat began, the General got orders to withdraw his troops as far as Centreville, halt there, and arrange to hold that point against the enemy. He did so as a matter of course, just as he might have put away his supper or polished his boots for parade. But his regimental officers took occasion to look about them. Beyond them and on either side panted and

struggled a retreating horde of wild-eyed, panic-stricken men in blue. Hot in pursuit came the Southern forces, eager, confident and overwhelming. It was suicide to halt here, said these colonels among themselves, and then they formally protested against the order. But the old General had learned his one lesson well. This position at Centreville must be maintained. The colonels persisted; Schenck threatened them with court-martial. Off in the distance there was a sound of rebel musketry, and regiment after regiment was rapidly thrown once more into rough marching order and headed straight for Washington. General Schenck was left to hold Centreville with his immediate staff and one orderly! Fortunately he soon received fresh orders, relieving him from the unpleasant necessity of surrounding and capturing the whole Southern army.

But here lies the point. Military experts have since decided that this was the critical moment and Centreville the strategic point at which the Northern retreat might have been turned into victory, and all the discouragement and anguish of that disaster prevented. If this much-maligned son of Miami had been supported by his men, the hero of Vienna would have been hailed by the united North as savior of his country. As it was, several of the retreating colonels got to Washington in time to be promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct.

A fine old fellow was Schenck, always ready where the nation needed him. For a time he did a charming imitation of St. Patrick, and entirely freed Baltimore of a plague of "copper-heads." Then he plunged into the fight once more, and had his sword-hand shattered at the sec-

ond battle of Bull Run. Here his old stubbornness blazed out again, in another Quixotic trick. As his hand fell limp and useless at his side, the sword he was brandishing flew out of his grasp and was lost sight of. But Schenck wanted that sword. He was in the most exposed portion of the field, with bullets whistling all around him. His men were trying their best to get him to the rear out of further danger. Yet he would not budge an inch till the sword was found and restored to its bloody scabbard. This accident ended his military career, for during convalescence he was elected once more to Congress and persuaded that his larger usefulness lay there.

In the course of the war, it is a fair estimate that there were several thousand retreats stopped—or almost stopped, charges led, ramparts taken, and days saved. Time has a way of playing

strange pranks with military reminiscences into the bargain. But it is surprising, when you go to figuring on these psychological moments of conflict—as the novelists say—how many times you find a man from little old Miami right at the pivot of the whole event. This is no place to try to cite them all. Somebody would be sure to be omitted and his relatives would feel hurt. You are familiar already with the few that follow.

In the engagement at Stone River fought a young Colonel of Cavalry, Minor Millikin by name. In college he was the Adonis of his class, the nimblest athlete and the politest gentleman about the campus. In the few years since graduation he had studied and traveled abroad, and founded him a home almost in the shadows of the Oxford hills. During the battle his regiment was ordered to repel the attacks of Rebel cavalry

upon the rear. These had become so serious that nothing but a charge would affect them. The enemy's forces were much larger, but Millikin himself led the regiment in a mad gallop across the fields. In a few minutes he found himself, with a handful of followers, cut off from his command. Surrender was not thought of; they must cut their way out. The Colonel was a master of sword-craft, and was fast making way against a group of desperate foes; but just as safety was in sight, one angry opponent whipped out a pistol and shot him dead, while he was parrying the fierce thrusts of the others.

The fortunes of war spared another child of Miami, with the same signs upon his shoulders, to lead his regiment of Ohio lads in the charge that made Stone River a Northern victory. Thus it happened that when the Army of the

Cumberland entered Murfreesboro, it was Col. Thomas C. Bell—once just Tom Bell, of '57—that rode in triumph at the head of the column. Col. James H. Childs was paid in different coin for the daring he displayed, plunging his troops into the fatal chaos of Gettysburg. His was the coin that Millikin accepted, the pure red gold of heroic sacrifice.

Enough of this empty tabulating. Turn to a like picture whose details were stamped for life on the receptive mind of our own soldier-poet, and are recounted by him with the stirring old-time eloquence at which Runkle is adept enough. "How well I remember," runs his reminiscence, "that 15th of May, 1864, now more than forty years agone, when at Resaca the division in which I was serving swung into column and moved to the support of the 4th corps attacking the enemy's en-

trenchments. Wounded men were being hurried to the rear: ambulances streaming blood drove rapidly past us. Moving into line we, there in full view, waited and watched the ebb and flow, the surging rush of battle; saw the long blue lines with flying colors—nowhere do those colors stand out so magnificently grand as in the tumult of battle—with flying colors move up through the withering fire, while the throbbing guns, like tremendous heartbeats, kept time to the battle stride. Forward and back and forward, again and again, swayed the lines; heavier grew the pall of gray smoke while the deadly rattle of the rifles and shriek of shells told that men were dying in red anguish by the hundred. At last the Union lines swept over the works; the battle flags leaped clear of the smoke as their bearers sprang on the parapets. The enemy gave way. Cheers rang down

the charging lines and rolled back to the supports as out of the confusion and carnage came the remnant of a volunteer brigade with four captured guns; and the leader who took them in, and brought them out victorious, was Ben Harrison of Miami. When he was made President of a saved Republic a great man found his reward."

Side by side with the heroism and the suffering must come the romance of war. Somehow Runkle always suggests that combination, whether you look upon him today with his wavy diadem of grey locks above his glittering regimentals, or picture him maimed and left for dead at Pittsburg Landing, while "Agate," scribbling out a reputation at the front, paused in his grisly enumeration of dead and missing to publish to the world his tribute to the man he fought and loved in college halls. Reid, too, suggests in his person

and career the romance of the conflict. When the first gun was fired he was a rather delicate stripling of twenty-three, recently promoted from a country newspaper to a staff position with the Cincinnati Gazette—stipulated salary, $6.00 per week. Almost as soon as he settled upon West Virginia with pad and pencil, his vividly picturesque correspondence began attracting national attention.

He praised McClellan until that gentleman was called to Washington and promoted. Later he criticised him till the Gazette owners were called upon to apologize. He followed Rosecrans and commented on certain weaknesses in the General's policy in a way that was particularly pleasing to the Rebel commanders who read Northern newspapers. In Donelson and Shiloh Reid found his rarest opportunity, and the fine virile pictures of those intense struggles which he

scratched off amid the din of battle, not only enthralled his eager public then, but are still known as masterpieces of their kind. From the field to Washington; from reporter to editor and proprietor; from journalist to diplomat: such progress reads like a fairy tale. But the wise ones will tell you how they predicted all of it, some fifty years ago, in the old top-floor sanctum of the Erodelphian Society.

This very day there is in Oxford a fine old family that is never without a respectable and well-mannered cat at its fireside. And the name of this cat is always Joe Battle. When newcomers ask foolish questions, they learn that the name is a tradition of the household, running back before the war, when Grandfather Cone kept the now dismantled Mansion House and knew and loved the Miami boys. His favorite was Joel Allen Battle, a lithe, keen-eyed dare-devil of a

Southerner, with a silver tongue, a tender heart and a temper of fire. Nobody ever questioned Battle's ability. The faculty never ranked him with the "Dignissimi." He hadn't time for that. But in the literary hall he found few to match him in the tangles of debate; and often amused himself, when he had floored a rather easy victim, by coming back with a telling argument in behalf of the opposition.

Joe Battle was a fellow of strong likes and dislikes. His circle of friends fairly worshiped him. Outside the circle, under the stress of those hot-headed ante-bellum days, he often strained his temper to the breaking point and got his name on the faculty minutes. Apparently his was a name that had a real significance. Dear old Ben Battle, of glorious memory, was never intended more definitely to be a "soldier bold." The process of getting used to war's alarms came soon enough.

Preparatory to it came a series of pranks and wilder escapades, winding up with a specimen of the manly art of self-assertion which sent little Dutchy Roemler into arnica and bandages for a period of days.

Finally Battle was graduated in due order with the class of '59. He soon married a girl from the North and settled in Cincinnati to study law. He realized that a national conflict was impending, and frequently declared to friends that when it came he could not fight against the flag, nor yet against his kinsfolk, and would probably go abroad during the struggle. But the call of the South, echoing in the guns about Sumter, came to him, as to many another fine young fellow, in the tone that could not be ignored or disobeyed. He became adjutant of his father's regiment, the 20th Tennessee, and received his first wound at the battle of Mill Springs.

It was Tuesday morning, the eighth of April, 1862. The 41st Illinois and the 31st Indiana were encamped on opposite sides of a crude roadway through the woods about a mile from Pittsburg Landing. For miles about were the relics of the great conflict. Nine thousand corpses from both armies strewed the battle-field, and fifteen thousand wounded were receiving such care as was possible. Out of a tent on the Indiana side staggered Clifford Ross, a bit unsteady from the scalp wound of some days before. Two Union men were plodding up the road with an inert mass in gray between them. They paused to rest, laying their burden at Ross's very feet. Such attention to Confederate gray aroused his curiosity and he drew back the edge of the blanket. Ross had been at Miami with the class of '59, and for the past two nights in his delirium had mingled and conversed with

the jolly dogs back there. Now he blamed it to the fever, as he looked straight into the sightless eyes of that jolliest of all, Joe Battle.

The detail explained how it was. An Ohio surgeon, who knew Battle, had found him dead upon the field, and sent them with the body to their own camp. With broken voice Ross persuaded them to entrust to him the proper disposal of the remains. He recalled that another Miami man, Lewis of Illinois, was encamped across the way, also slightly wounded. Between them they hunted out several others of the old college crowd and proceeded to their mournful duty. The coffin was rudely constructed of cracker-boxes. The monument was a massive oak, beneath whose branches the shallow grave was hollowed out. Name and date were burned into a board, which was nailed to the tree. "The means avail-

able were rough," says one of that little group, "but I could not have asked for a brother's more than we did for his body." And he adds: "I believe no more brave and noble soul left its body on that bloody field." Thus did the brother-love from old Miami reach across the gulf of war, faithful to the very end.

As Miami men knew how to fight, so did they know how to win—or lose. When the articles of peace were drawn, and Johnny, swarthy and bewhiskered, came marching home again, to scorn feather-beds and retrieve the family fortunes, there were none more reliable amid the delirious chaos than these college men. Those who had graduated before, and been maturing in these campaign experiences, stepped naturally to the front in their communities, and soon Captain So-and-So, and Colonel Somebody-else—college men and good soldiers, sir—were

headed for the Legislature or for Congress, to swell the honor-roll of Miami's men. Others of the younger set, their education interrupted by the years of war, drifted back to the living green of that old campus on the hill, to wash away the stain of battle in its Pierian springs.

Bob Adams, for instance, big, strapping, red-haired Bob, who had led the file in the old University Rifles, and nearly walked the little fellows off their legs —wonderful fortunes of war were his! After his first three months he had organized a company in his home town, and soon became its captain in the 81st Ohio. He was promoted rapidly to Lieutenant-Colonel,—then to the command of the regiment. In the Atlanta campaign he commanded a brigade and was brevetted Brigadier-General at the close of the war. Then what? Back he came to old Miami, took up his books and lessons just where

he had thrown them down, earned and received his sheepskin, and went out into the world to preach the peace of God that passeth understanding.

There is another side to it. Not all Miami men came back from the war. Some young careers of splendid promise ended there in the deafening conflict, and none can ever estimate the value of the toll Death took. The ashes of mourning on new household altars, the tears of heart-seared mothers and young wives express the anguish of it all. But while we reckon up the list of those who made the final sacrifice, we only wonder what those youthful heroes might have lived to be.

THE war was a sore trial for Miami in more ways than one. Not only did she give of her best, and offer up her sons on reeking altars. Her regular attendance fell away badly and the area of her patronage and influence was narrowed. The South, for instance, was cut apart from her forever. Her land rents had been long before prevented by law from ever increasing beyond a beggar's pittance; while other colleges, springing up all over the land with the revival of confidence and prosperity, lavished money on salaries and equipment. People professed to find the good old curriculum away out of date, but there were no funds in the Miami treasury to establish

new chairs and add new furbelows. Tuition fees helped some, but depleted rolls meant depleted income. The state did arrange to pay the tuition of such of her soldiers as cared to attend college, and Miami profited considerably by these. But her buildings were obviously in decay, her campus was untended, and her whole material outfit cramped by chronic poverty.

Among other things there was a change of administration, with some bitter feelings. Doctor Hall, a fine Southern gentleman of the old school, who with rare tact and splendid self-control had directed the affairs of this patriotic northern college, found at last, when the struggle was over, that hostility had arisen and his usefulness was ended. President Stanton, his successor, was an able manager not given to mincing words about necessities. Witness this from his

inaugural address: "But the main edifice, crowning yonder beautiful elevation, in which is the chapel, with the library, the society halls, the grammar school, and certain recitation rooms, is a dilapidated pile, presenting its broken panes to the howling winds of autumn, its shattered roof to the drenching rains of summer, and its doorless halls to the drifting snows of winter; the butt and jeer of all passers-by, fair game for the ruder boys, a grand old monumental pile for preserving the quaint architecture of a bygone age, but repulsive to every gentleman who brings his son to the University, and a standing reproach and a shame—I say it respectfully—to every one who claims the University as his alma mater."

As you might infer, this dolefully realistic tale was prelude to a money-getting scheme, which was projected at that time, and prolonged, with numerous

modifications, through the entire administration. For a short time the skies were roseate. Funds were secured for considerable repairs, culminating in a new west wing, and therein a new chapel with real stained-glass windows. The state legislature was being petitioned at each session to extend aid to this child of its adoption, and everybody assured everybody else that some day this aid was coming. Uncle Sam had created his Agricultural College fund for the states, and Miami people sat up nights figuring what to do with their share of that—when they should get it. On the whole the Stanton administration opened auspiciously, to close with renewed discouragement.

Through all the darkest days of financial stress, students were on hand in at least confortable numbers. The quaint architecture of bygone days looked just as good to them as the stained-glass win-

dows of awful artistry—even as it has to some people since that time. The faculty might have been few in number, but they were great men and noble teachers, and from each one of them flowed ceaseless currents of inspiration and benediction. Stoddard was still there, pottering about his little laboratory, and leading Presbyterian singing on Sunday. Bishop was there, shrewd, kind-hearted, and sharp of tongue, zealously guarding the campus from all live-stock but his own. MacFarland had laid aside his regimentals and was absorbed as of old in orbits and eclipses, but never to the neglect of the boys he loved. Soon was to appear one Andrew D. Hepburn, to create the new department of English Language and Literature, on the strength of father McGuffey's assurance that he was a promising young man. Who cares for a purple window-pane more or less in such

an environment? No wonder those boys stayed through their four years of royal associations, and gladly sent back others to partake of the privileges.

Whatever anxiety may have preyed upon faculty or trustees about the somewhat clouded future of the University, no care sat brooding over student hearts. Every fellow in the crowd felt sure that money would keep coming, since money had already appeared for some first improvements. They knew little of the vigorous feats of man-handling and panhandling resorted to in securing this pittance, and less of the constant, crying need for more. Anyhow, no poverty could limit that richest gift the college student ever knows—the sheer joy that comes from living young life to the limit of its exuberant possibilities. Literary societies flourished as of old, and their public exhibitions were still the marvel

of the countryside. The female colleges were prospering, and social gayeties were rampant. The Miami Student became the regular college publication. The Recensio was inaugurated as a college annual. Greek fraternities enrolled large membership and acquired new confidence. The Dekes, for instance, invested good money in putting a third story on a long narrow business house then going up in the village, and thus acquired a Mahomet's coffin of a chapter-hall, the first fraternity property owned in Oxford.

Many things among this student body were growing distressingly modern. The annals of the time are filled—would you believe it?—with such things as glee clubs and baseball! And in the Miami Student for December, 1867, there is a long and formal article decrying the atrocious practice Miami men have of assembling

about church doors after divine service to stare at the college girls as they file out! That glee club, by the way, was a flourishing institution, and had a regular habit of badly financed concert trips. Of one of these a college poet has warbled, somewhat maliciously:

"The half-box of collars and four or five dollars,
With which every singer had started,
Had from day to day been dwindling away
Till the last collar and cent had departed.

With all their reverses and draining of purses,
They still kept in sight of their glory,
Till civic dissensions upset their intentions,
And also put a stop to my story."

Baseball was then just coming into its own. It was no child's play either, in the original package. Curved balls were undreamed of, and the pitcher just stood up and sent hot straight ones whistling over the plate, that left a pale-green streak in the air. There were no great padded gloves, either, and when the batsman smote that whistling sphere square on the nose and turned it into soaring fly

or careening grounder, horny bare hands were all there was to stop its progress. It is not surprising that scores were enormous under such conditions, and it was a poor "club" that didn't register at least forty "tallies" in a single contest. Neither is it surprising that the young game was frequently attacked as rough and dangerous, and needed constant defense in words like these: "We are aware that there are some objections to the game of baseball, and that these objections are being urged by some of our ablest writers; but where is there another exercise so eminently fitted for developing the bone and sinew of our youth, that is not attended with the same danger?" Nearly every able-bodied Miami man belonged to a baseball club, and the roster of these organizations appears proudly in all the old publications, right beside the Greek fraternities and the literary societies.

There was one up-to-date extension of Miami's activities that didn't cost anything. Prompted by recent experience, the national government decided to install military departments in a number of colleges, where an officer of the regular army should drill youngsters in the theory, as well as the tactics of war. Doctor Stanton fairly leaped at the opportunity and soon had little old Miami placed upon the list, with Colonel Carleton detailed to teach the young idea how not to get shot. The boys were elated—at first. Some of the old-timers who had seen service were strangely apathetic. But the younger fry could hardly wait to get their fingers on a musket and tog out in the fine new uniforms for a stroll past the "Scott House." Two new photographers hurried into town on prospect of the beauteous military likenesses to be sent home to mother. All too soon came

the reaction. The cloth for the uniforms was all winter in arriving, and then was so flimsy that the modest fellows blushed in anticipation every time they thought of bending over. The equipment, to be donated by the state, was even slower than the uniforms. The drill was irksome and the discipline severe. What was the use of all this panoply of war, anyhow?

Then some bright youth saw a light. These things would do splendidly to play pranks with. One biting winter night the battalion went into action, without awaiting orders from the Commander. The University cannon was stealthily drawn from its hiding-place, and pushed and pulled, with great pretense of secrecy, to the commanding hill just in front of the Western Seminary. Aunt Helen was to have an appropriate midnight salute. The old gun-barrel was packed almost to bursting, a long fuse

was attached and lighted, and the cohort beat it double-quick to white and peaceful coverlids in the dormitories. There was an explosion on the hill that brought all the little maidens bolt upright in bed and got the volunteer fire-fighters ready for immediate action. There were shrieks and moans and cackles through the halls for some fifteen minutes; and then the Seminary, being schooled in philosophic self-control and assured there was not another fire, dropped back into pleasant dreams of blue-eyed missionaries with sandy whiskers.

Next morning brought the sequel. A husky group of young Amazons took that horrid old field-piece, shoved it daintily over the somewhat slippery brow of the snow-clad hill, and let it roll and rattle down the incline until it sank beneath the waters of the little frog-pond below.

Just about that time somebody up at Miami remembered that the old cannon was state property, and would have to be accounted for or paid for. Paid for? Whew! Doctor Stanton had things under way in ten minutes, and it was not long till the culprits were located. There was only one punishment—restore the gun. From morning till night they toiled and muttered in the icy waters of that Western pond, while numerous coy young ladies, who were afraid of "snakes," made audibly unpleasant remarks from the heights above. Colonel Carleton himself was popular, but there were few regrets when he was withdrawn from the University and the department closed.

But bless you, pranks didn't stop for anything. Doctor MacFarland still tells with delight of his experience in a spring carnival where a certain Junior caught a Tartar. It was one of those stifling

moon-soaked nights just before commencement, and there was deviltry in the very air. First the Juniors got into action, and removed the furniture from Doctor Stanton's office and class-room, carrying it all the way to the "Scott House" and leaving it on the much-abused flower-beds. Hardly had they left the building when the Freshmen appeared, eager to acquire some of the spirit of the institution. They promptly went to work filling the vacated rooms with fragrant new-mown hay from the campus, adding a liberal sprinkling of cord-wood and scrap-iron. About this time Professor Mac noticed the disturbance and sauntered over to take notes. Hardly had he settled in the shadows of the stair when the Juniors, flushed with achievement, returned and rushed the Freshies, intending to scare them out of their callow wits. At this point the pro-

fessor stepped from the stairway and allowed himself to be grappled by the Junior leader who came dashing down the halls. "I've got him!" yelled the captor, taking no gentle grip on the supposed Freshman collar. Now war experience will tell sometimes, and Professor Mac had seen too much service not to meet an enemy half way. There was a sound of frenzied tussling, the vision of a shapeless, struggling heap in the moonlight, and then the same Junior voice, hoarse with terror, was lifted up in one mighty wail, "Run, fellers, run! *He's* got *me!*"

About this time old Oxford herself was perking up quite a bit, thank you. For years she had rejoiced in a real railroad that went nowhere in particular, had boasted two hotels that shared the business of one, and had absorbed culture in heroic doses from Erodelphian exhibitions and the public examinations at Ox-

ford College. In the decade following the outbreak of war, three or four imposing two-story business houses were erected; and it is hard to stop a wave of civic improvement once started. The reformers fixed hostile eyes on the old market-house between the parks, with its yawning emptiness inside and its ungainly tower above. Once it was the pride of the community. Now, they said, it had to go, to make room for a modern town-hall where the populace might assemble on festal days, and the fire laddies stow their pretty red helmets. Many of the populace, who had taxes to pay, demurred at this, and the project gave signs of being talked into insensibility around the stove of the corner grocery. Then the Miami students took a hand. They reasoned it this way. As long as the village had intact one piece of public property like the market-house, civic economy would never

permit her to tear this down and build better. *Ergo*, some disinterested party should do the tearing down.

One inky night the student body moved *en masse* upon the market-house. The procession looked like a well-equipped lynching bee, for there trailed behind them the longest, strongest, most murderous-looking rope to be had in Oxford. A half-dozen climbed to the tower and securely knotted the rope about it, while every fellow below spat on his hands and gripped hard, waiting for the signal. Oh, nothing much—they had just arranged to pull down the tower and help the village on a bit. The signal came, likewise the tug. The structure creaked and groaned, and slowly seemed to give a little. Then suddenly "Crack!" Also "Kerplunk!" With military precision four-score breathless students sat down hard in the Main Street mud and gave imitations of

a back somersault. Something had had to give way, and it was the rope. Four successive times they patched up and pulled again—each time with greater caution; and finally, sore and disgusted, stumbled off through the darkness for home. But joy cometh in the morning! For breaking day disclosed the edifice no longer mocking them in its perfect pride, as they had feared, but actually pulled by sheer muscle some thirty degrees out of plumb, where it remained for years as a monument to student enterprise—the leaning tower of Oxford. For be it known, that town hall wasn't built for a long time afterward.

In many respects the quaint old market-house, with its drooping top, and yawning, wind-swept interior, was symbolical. The time-honored structure of historic Miami was crumbling in decay, though the short-sighted patronage that

laid hands to the rope could not complete its destruction. All too soon the winds were to howl through its deserted corridors, while newer institutions profited by its legitimate patronage. To the last, students continued to gather in goodly numbers and were unswerving in their loyalty to the decrepit, purse-pinched old establishment. To the last the old Miami spirit was manifest, and the old fire of common devotion shone in the eyes of all the faithful in those student ranks. Right before them loomed dissolution, bringing severed ties and clouded ambitions. But they forced the old smile somehow, and the old songs rang bravely from their lips. Finally the demands of advancing education became such that the limited resources failed completely to meet them. The trustees confessed the absolute necessity of closing the University until land-rents had accumulated to

a working capital. With the Commencement exercises in 1873 the doors of Miami were formally swung for the last time on their clumsy hinges, and the village live-stock invited to feed at will upon the luscious campus they had coveted so long. Faculty and students drifted into other centers of learning throughout the land, and old Miami became a glorious memory.

For twelve years this memory lingered, and then the public would be content no longer. Alumni fairly pined away each June, without the privilege of sauntering once more beneath the elms and swapping reminiscences. Then, too, they had fine young sons to educate—just like their daddies, bless their hearts— and there was nothing like a few years of that old-time Oxford life to put a young fellow on his feet before the world. So

the people clamored and the trustees did sums in arithmetic, and at last the process of rejuvenation began. Even then the commonwealth was slow to realize its responsibility; but as it gave, Miami prospered, to a degree beyond the fondest limits of ambitious fancy.

At last the hour of jubilee has come. Aggressive modern methods have supplemented the precious but antiquated traditions of the past. New buildings now dot the spacious campus, redolent of paint and prosperity. Corridors are thronged with busy students, just as ambitious and as callow as of yore. The old name is retained, with no thought of anything but a becoming reverence. Miami is a high-grade small college, with all a small college's advantages, and as such has already achieved a new and national reputation for sincerity of effort and excellence of result. But no true child of

her bosom will ever cease to honor those splendid *ante bellum* years when she was "The Yale of the West."

THE END.

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